The Outlook

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The Mexican question will not down. The future of Mexico is not now, and never can be, a matter of indifference to the United States. Four years ago Diaz resigned; two years ago Madero was murdered. Who can say that to-day American life in Mexico is safe, American property protected, American prestige recognized? And yet our responsibility to the nations of Europe under our Monroe Doctrine attitude is clear. What is the matter with Mexico? What is our duty? What should we do? What can we do? These questions must be met—and that soon.

It is to help Americans look these problems in the face with full knowledge that The Outlook will begin next week to publish a short series of articles by Caspar Whitney under the general title "Why is Mexico a Thorn in Our Side?" The articles record observations of the author in a seven months' journey which began shortly after the landing of United States forces at Vera Cruz. Mr. Whitney visited practically all the principal points in Mexico; he talked with Americans, Mexicans, Europeans; he saw and heard things which made him feel that the United States was despised where England and Germany were feared; he speaks plainly of the weakness of our Government in dealing with Mexicans; he discusses the future. Mainly his articles are a vivid, dramatic, outspoken exposition of things as they are. Mr. Whitney is well known to American readers as correspondent, traveler, and magazine writer, as well as for his special work in writing in behalf of high standards in the ethics of athletics and sport. He writes earnestly because he feels deeply, and because he holds that the truth should be known even though sensitive nerves shrink at the narration.

To deal with the danger of Mexican anarchy on our border we must face the facts and not idly hope against hope that things will adjust themselves without exterior assistance or compulsion. The Outlook believes that in printing these articles it is doing a public service.

NEW OFFICES FOR THE OUTLOOK

The Outlook is moving this week from the offices which it has occupied for seventeen years in the United Charities Building, corner of Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, to larger and more commodious quarters in a new building at 381 Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-seventh Street. We have taken the entire tenth floor at the new address, with a considerable increase of space. This enlargement of office room has been made necessary by the steady growth of the business of the Outlook Company—a growth naturally followed by many additions to the personnel of the editorial, circulation, advertising, and composing-room departments. Our associations for seventeen years with our fellow-tenants and with our landlords and their representatives have been agreeable in every way, and we leave our old quarters with regret. We hope, however, that our readers will share with us our natural gratification that the work of The Outlook has so grown that both efficiency and comfort demand larger quarters. We take this occasion to

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extend to the readers of The Outlook a cordial invitation to regard the new office of The Outlook as in a definite sense their office. We are glad at any time to place the facilities of the office for information about the city or other matters at the disposal of our readers, and often we can obtain information even when we are not already in possession of it. We wish every out-of-town reader to feel, on visiting New York, that a personal call at the Outlook office is one of the features of such a visit.

THE ROOSEVELT-BARNES LIBEL SUIT

Mr. William Barnes, the well-known Republican leader or "boss" of Albany, New York, has sued Theodore Roosevelt for libel. The ground of this suit is the public statement made last summer by Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Barnes had entered into a corrupt political alliance with Charles Murphy, the Tammany "boss," to further the vicious partnership between politics and business.

For the second time in his life Mr. Roosevelt is involved in a libel suit. Two years ago he himself brought a suit for libel against a newspaper publisher in Michigan who accused him of excessive drinking. Our readers remember that remarkable trial and Mr. Roosevelt's triumphant vindication. Those who were present at the singularly interesting court proceedings at Marquette will recall Mr. Roosevelt's appearance on the witness-stand; his straightforward statements and his manifest frankness made a great impression upon judge, jury, and auditors. He admitted every fact and concealed none. His opponent and counsel finally withdrew their defense in despair of making any impression against his frankness and accuracy.

The Barnes libel suit is now in progress of trial at Syracuse, New York. It is possible that it may be decided before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. As we go to press Mr. Roosevelt is on the stand, and next week we shall give some account by a staff correspondent of his contentions and his appearance. It is sufficient to say now that in a long and intimate association with Mr. Roosevelt we have never known him to make an assertion of fact which he could not substantiate by circumstantial and documentary proof. Whatever may be the issue of the trial, we are very sure that the public will learn some exceedingly interesting things about Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Barnes, and also about recent political history in the State of New York.

PEACE THAT IS NO PEACE

The distinction between false peace and the peace of justice is very clearly brought out in a letter from Mr. Roosevelt to a woman who desired his advice as to joining the Woman's Party for Constructive Peace, the delegates of which have sailed for a convention to be held at The Hague, as The Outlook has reported. Mr. Roosevelt begins with the characteristically emphatic condemnation of the programme to be brought before this convention, but at the same time makes it very clear that he does not mean to condemn the participants in the convention. He makes the distinction in these words:

> It is unfortunately true that the very worst movements in human history have sometimes had very high-minded men and women enlisted in their support. According to my views, the effort to break up this Union in order to perpetuate slavery would have meant most dreadful woe to mankind if successful, and yet my own kinsfolk on my mother's side all took part in it; and I do not believe there ever was a movement which enlisted more ardent support from big-hearted men and women or which was served with greater fervor and disinterestedness.

The difficulty with such a programme as is outlined for the Woman's Party is that in the main it is an elevation of the idea of peace in the abstract without any vital effort to secure it in the concrete. It is morally enervating to express elevated sentiments without practical fulfillment. The truth of this was expressed by William James when he pointed out the debilitating effect of feeling emotions of any kind without translating them into some kind of definite action.

Mr. Roosevelt believes that a large share of the present peace agitation comes from those who place physical comfort above conscience; who are swayed by the horror of war rather than by the horror of injustice. He feels that a protest against war which makes no distinction between the war waged against Belgium and the war waged by Belgium in her own defense, between the peace of Warsaw and the peace of Appomattox, has no basis either in fact or in morality. In this opinion the overwhelming majority of those who look for the firmer establishment of democracy and the organization of higher standards of international

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justice at the conclusion of this war will heartily concur.

THE YARN OF TURTLE BAY

Los Angeles, in Lower California, is the source of the latest anti-Japanese fable. The New York "Herald" of April 15 devoted two-thirds of a page to the description, with illustrations and a map, of the appearance of five Japanese war-ships, six colliers and supply ships, and four thousand Japanese marines and sailors in occupation of Turtle Bay in Lower California, about four hundred miles from San Diego. The inventor of the fiction says, "I saw them there." He also saw that the harbor was mined, that there was a camp and wireless plant on shore, and patrol-boats miles out at sea, while the harbor was full of activity. The Japanese were busy marking out moorings for ships, sending cutters filled with armed men ashore, and landing ammunition. In fact, they were in occupation to such an extent that half the Japanese navy could anchor there to-day, and it would be very difficult for other war-ships to enter.

The excuse for this sudden and daring occupation of a Mexican port was the fact that a Japanese war-ship, the Asama, was lying "with her nose in a soft mud-bank near the mouth of the harbor since December 31." The correspondent was told that the Asama could not be badly damaged and that a good tugboat could have pulled her off in a few hours, but no effort was being made to pull the stranded ship out of the mud. Meanwhile sixty tons of ammunition were landed at a camp with many boxes covered with canvas. "Hundreds of sailors armed with rifles at dusk every day marched out from the point behind the camp and went aboard the different ships." Questions asked of the Japanese officers received no reply.

The story is accompanied with pictures of three Japanese ships of war and with a map showing the position of Turtle Bay. All this the newspaper correspondent saw and reported from Los Angeles. But when Commander Irwin of the United States cruiser New Orleans visited Turtle Bay several days later he found in the bay, in addition to the stranded Asama, a Japanese supply ship, a Japanese repair ship, two British colliers, two Japanese fishing schooners, and two Japanese fishing boats.

So vanishes into thin air another crisis; and the attempt to establish a naval base on the Pacific dwindles into an endeavor to drag off a cruiser which, instead of being slightly stranded, is reported to be nearly up to her decks in mud and likely to prove a total loss. Our Government has understood the situation from the start. Two American cruisers offered at the end of January to help, but were told that no help was needed.

The sensational story about the occupation of Turtle Bay was something more serious than the ordinary insult to the intelligence of newspaper readers, because it concerned our relations with a friendly people. The journals that printed it ought to apologize to their readers.

THE PRESIDENT ON NEUTRALITY

Addressing representatives of the Associated Press at a luncheon in New York City last week, President Wilson recommended to his hearers the exercise of care in the publication of news, particularly that of international import, and took occasion to tell to the country his reasons for believing in the policy of American neutrality in the present war.

In the perplexities of his office he often tried, he said, to put himself in the place of the man who does not know the things that the President knows—not the man who is first a Republican or a Democrat, first a descendant of Germans or English, but the man "who remembers first that the whole destiny of modern affairs centers largely upon his being an American first of all." So the President said that if he permitted himself to be a partisan in this present struggle he would be unworthy to represent his hearers. This was the point to which his address led. It was, so to speak, in its final conclusion an explanation by the President of his own attitude of neutrality.

He led up to this conclusion by saying that America was the great mediating nation. He cautioned his hearers not to misunderstand him as thinking "so preposterous a thought" as that America should sit in judgment upon other countries. "No nation," he declared, "is fit to sit in judgment upon any other nation, but we shall some day have to assist in reconstructing the processes of peace." The basis of American neutrality, he said, must be, not indifference, but sympathy for mankind. He uttered a warning to those who erroneously believed

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that this country would be divided on the subject of the world war. "We are the mediating nation of the world," said he, because, as he explained it, "we are compounded of the nations of the world," and are therefore able to understand all nations. The United States has no great National tendency like each of the nations of Europe, but inherits the tendencies of all the European nations. We have "no hampering ambitions." It is not because he wants to avoid trouble, the President explained, that he is interested in neutrality, for he announced himself as ready for "a scrap that is an interesting scrap and worth while," but because there was something greater to do than to fight. He expressed his admiration for the man "who watches you with calm eye and comes in only when you have carried the thing so far that you must be disposed of," in contrast to the "irritable, fighting man," and he urged his hearers to have that self-possession that characterizes "fundamental and terrible courage."

Using the Turtle Bay incident, to which we have just referred, as an illustration of irresponsible dealing in news, he urged his hearers not to go off "on a tangent," but to wait to find out whether reports are true, so that there might be kept out of the atmosphere of the United States the rumors of irresponsible persons. The facts as now stated confirm the President's caution.

The heart of the American people he believed was sound, and it is a single heart and not divided. It was because he believed this that he had kept his own neutrality. With reference to the President's remarks about the United States being "the great mediating nation," even though it should not sit in judgment, it is interesting to recall the answer of the British Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, to an inquiry from a Member of Parliament a few weeks ago as to whether the British Government was willing to invite suggestions from neutrals for the avoidance of the further devastation of Belgium. "Unless neutral nations are prepared to assist in throwing the Germans out of Belgium, no suggestions from them in the matter of preventing the further devastation of that country are wanted. The only solution of this question is the evacuation of Belgian territory by German troops, the restoration of her independence, and reparation for the wrong done her. Unless neutral Powers are prepared to assist in securing that solution, I don't see what could be gained by the course suggested."

SENATOR ALDRICH

Nelson W. Aldrich, ex-United States Senator from Rhode Island, died in New York City on April 16 in his seventy-fourth year. He was born in a country town in Rhode Island, received an academic but not a university education, like thousands of other American boys entered business on leaving school, and at a very early age achieved an influential position in the commercial and financial life of Providence, the capital of the State. He had a genius for politics as well as for business. He was first elected to the City Council of Providence, then to the State Legislature, then to Congress as a Representative, and was chosen as a United States Senator in 1881, when he was not quite forty years old. He sat in the Senate continuously from that time until the expiration of his fifth term, in March, 1911, when he declined a renomination which would virtually have been a re-election, in order to devote himself to the work of reforming and reorganizing the financial system of the United States. With this work his name will be permanently associated in the history of American progress.

Senator Aldrich was a Republican of the strictest sect, and belonged to that school (dominant in the United States from the reconstruction period up to the election of President Roosevelt in 1904) which regarded the material progress of the United States as the paramount issue of American politics. He was a recognized leader of this materialistic, and for a long time victorious, school of Republicanism, both because of his preeminent intellectual powers and because of the enormous financial and industrial interests he controlled.

Mr. Aldrich's political materialism was that of the Republican hierarchy of his day, and we have no doubt that he sincerely believed that the maintenance, protection, and development of vested interests was the surest and sanest way of promoting the general welfare of the country. We think that his philosophy was unsound and some of his methods wrong, but we recognize that his philosophy was a product of the time, and especially of what may be called "the cotton Whigism" of New England, in the atmosphere of which his political life was steeped.

It is pleasant to turn from this aspect of

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his career to his unselfish and statesmanlike work in the realm of finance which was really the crown of his life.

The Emergency Currency Bill enacted in the year 1908, which was largely his creation and which is famous as the Aldrich-Vreeland Emergency Currency Act, not only was of great value to the country at the time of its passage, but probably saved this country from a disastrous currency panic at the outbreak of the European war last summer. The New Federal Reserve System, which has revolutionized the banking methods of the United States, is often credited to President Wilson. We have always thought, however, and have often said so in these pages, that a very large amount of credit is due to Senator Aldrich. He was the Chairman of the Monetary Commission when it was organized in 1908. Under his leadership that Commission made a careful, unbiased, and scientific study of the banking and financial systems of the civilized world, and as a result introduced into Congress the legislation which finally led to the creation of a Central Reserve banking system. It was the foundation of the present Federal Reserve Bank, the radical difference between Mr. Aldrich's plan and the plan finally adopted being that Mr. Aldrich proposed to leave the control wholly in the hands of the banker. Like Mr. Barnes, of Albany, he sincerely distrusted the ability of the people to select their own administrators, and he was therefore unwilling to have the directors of the Central Reserve Bank appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate.

This important element of a genuine popular National banking system was eventually introduced by the Glass-Owen Bill. Mr. Aldrich's plan for a Central Reserve Bank failed of passage in Congress, in our judgment, simply because he did not recognize the legitimacy of the growing demand of the people in this country for a voice in the selection of their Government administrators. Nevertheless, we venture to assert that if it had not been for Nelson Aldrich we should not to-day have the Federal Reserve Bank. In a final judgment of the value of his political career to this country, we believe that his errors in the field of excessive protectionism and his ultra-conservative support of the factory system and property interests may be forgotten in view of the broad statesmanship which he displayed in his later years as a gifted and patriotic financier.

THE RIGGS BANK CASE

The daily newspapers have reported that Washington is greatly stirred up over what is known as the Riggs Bank Case. The wise newspaper reader will refuse to share in this excitement and will suspend judgment until the case is passed on by the courts. It is now said that the matter will come to formal trial on May 12. In brief, the situation is this:

The Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. John Skelton Williams, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, have accused the Riggs National Bank, one of the oldest and richest banks of Washington, of financial malpractices, and have asked the United States Treasurer to pay into the Treasury some interest on United States bonds accruing to the bank to cover penalties which the Comptroller and the Secretary of the Treasury claim should be exacted from the bank for certain failures to observe Treasury regulations. The officers of the bank, on the other hand, assert that Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Williams are moved by malicious spite, and are trying to harass if not to wreck the bank. They have obtained an injunction against the Treasurer of the United States, and propose to proceed against the Government for unjust treatment. It is reported that the Riggs Bank in its action against the Government has tried to enlist the sympathies of the National banks throughout the country on the ground that the present Administration, especially in the Department of the Treasury, has been unsympathetic, harassing, and unjust in its relations with the bankers of the country.

On the part of the Government, Mr. Williams, the Comptroller, asserts that the officials of the Riggs Bank have violated the ethics, if not the laws, of banking. He points to admissions by the bank officers under oath that some of them have borrowed money of the bank on "dummy" notes —that is to say, notes signed under compulsion by clerical employees of the bank for the benefit of the officers. The Comptroller also accuses the bank of encouraging speculation of a dangerous kind among women customers of the bank. The officers assert that the allegations will be properly met and explained in the court proceedings.

According to the newspapers, there has been some conflict among Government officials as to their course of action in conducting this case. It is said, we do not know on how good authority, that the Department of Justice and the Treasury Department have

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been at odds over the management of the case. We repeat that, as the controversy between the Government and the bank is to be fully laid bare in court, final judgment should be held in suspense. Two comments, however, may properly be made now:

1. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that when the Government has decided to proceed against a great banking institution it should not clearly and definitely determine its course of action beforehand so that there shall be no ground for newspaper discussion of controversies and disagreements between various Government officials as to the method of procedure.

2. A great National bank which under oath admits that its administrative officers had been borrowing money for their own personal benefit and evading the law (even if it is technically legal to do so) by obtaining this money on dummy notes, cannot expect much public sympathy. It is no defense to say that this has been a common practice. Embezzlement has been a not uncommon practice, but it is unjustifiable, unethical, and puts the people who practice it under a cloud of suspicion. We do not know about the biggest National banks of the United States, but we do assert that the best National bankers have never stooped to avail themselves of dummy notes. Can any New York man who remembers George G. Williams, the great President of the Chemical National Bank, conceive of his tolerating for one moment the use of dummy notes in his bank? Will the time ever come when the National bankers in this country will persistently seek, not merely to be technically chaste, but to be above suspicion in every thought and act? The word "dummy" ought to be as offensive to a banker as the word "quack" is to a high-class physician. Perhaps some day banking ethics will be as exacting as medical ethics. Every young doctor takes the Hippocratic oath. Perhaps the reason why the young financier cannot take such an oath to-day is because the world of finance has not yet produced anybody comparable to Hippocrates.

THE SEWARD ROUTE FOR THE ALASKAN RAILWAY

Since the last spike was driven in the transcontinental railway in 1869, which was made possible by large grants of land and by monetary loans from the Government to the Union Pacific and Central Pacific companies, the largest railway project engaged in by the American Government was that put in motion by President Wilson the other day when he selected the so-called Susitna or Seward route for the new Alaskan railway which the Government is to build.

This route, which is shown on a map on the opposite page, extends from Seward, on Resurrection Bay, to Fairbanks, four hundred and seventy-one miles inland on the Tanana River, and includes the existing Alaska Northern Railroad, running from Seward through the Kenai Peninsula almost to Knik, on the Matanuska River, a distance of about a hundred miles. A side line is to be built from Matanuska Junction to the Matanuska coal-field, perhaps the most valuable field of high-grade coal in Alaska.

An alternative to the route selected by President Wilson was the route from Cordova to Fairbanks. Cordova is on the eastern shore of Prince William Sound, Seward on the western. The Cordova route would have included the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad to Chitna. There has been a great rivalry between Seward and Cordova for the Government line. The Cordova route is the shortest and was recommended by the first Alaska Railroad Commission. On the other hand, the Hon. Walter L. Fisher, former Secretary of the Interior under President Taft, testified that Seward had "by far the best harbor and the best town site in Alaska."

No doubt President Wilson was somewhat influenced by the fact that the price of the Alaska Northern Railroad is only $1,150,000, a figure, says the Interior Department, "less than its physical valuation as estimated by the Alaskan Engineering Commission and by the engineers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission."

The estimated cost of construction of this line from Seward to Fairbanks, including the thirty-eight-mile Matanuska branch, is $26,800,000. The work, which will begin at once, will be under the direction of the Alaskan Engineering Commission, of which Mr. W. C. Edes is chairman.

Eventually this road will probably be extended to the Yukon. Such a line, tapping her great interior valleys, with their vast agricultural resources, is what Alaska has been wanting and awaiting for years.

PROHIBITION IN ALABAMA

Ammunition for prohibitionists may be found in the following statistics taken from

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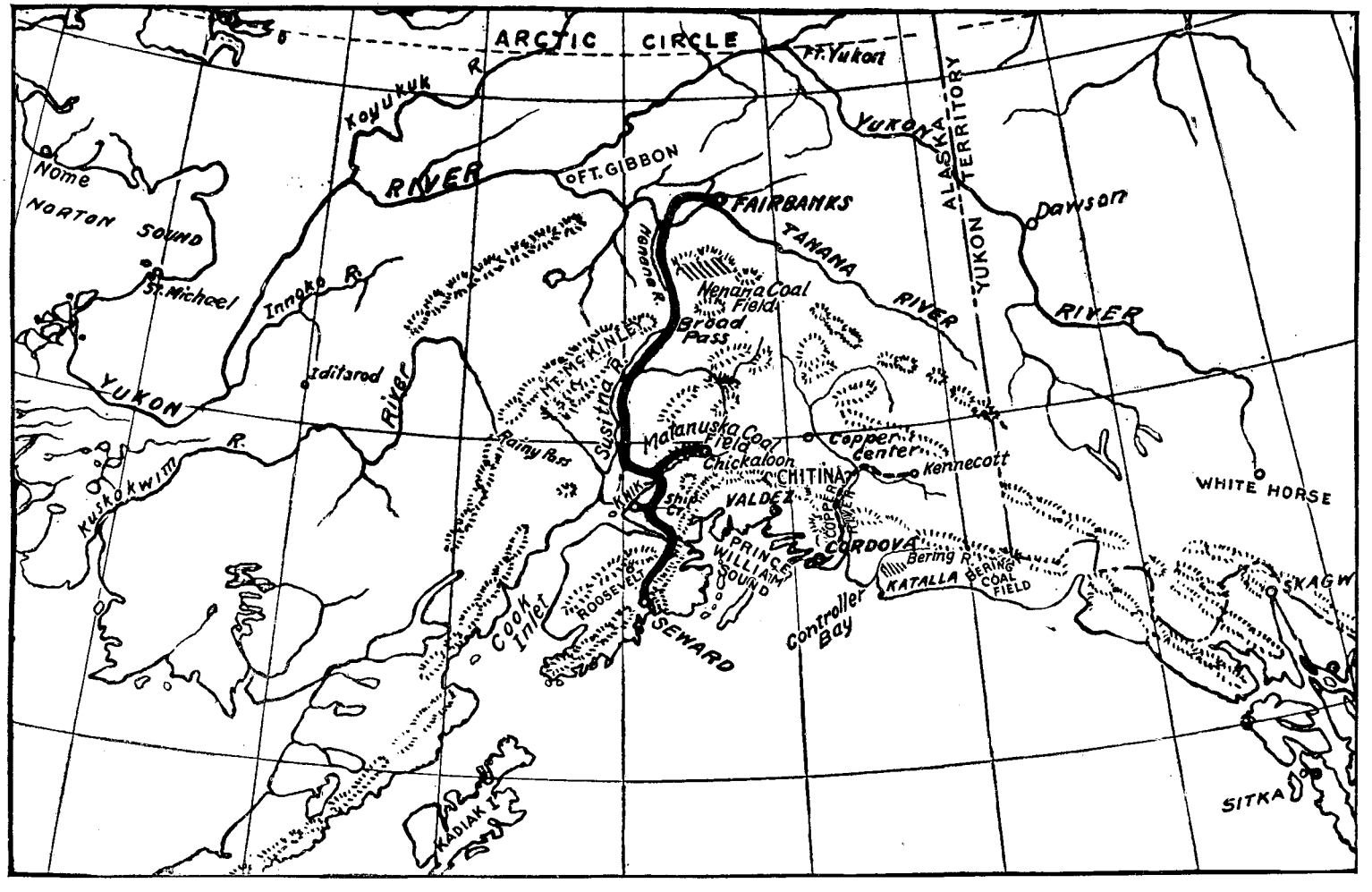

THE ALASKAN RAILWAY

The dark line indicates the route selected by President Wilson for the Government-owned Alaskan Railway. See opposite page for description

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the reports of the Chief of Police of Birmingham, Alabama, and from the Coroner's record for the same city. Alabama from January, 1909, to October, 1911, tried State-wide prohibition, but in 1910 a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor in Alabama was voted down. Now Alabama has again joined the prohibition ranks, as The Outlook has already reported, with a bill so extreme that it will doubtless arouse unusual opposition when next the question is presented for the consideration of the State. In Alabama the Legislature meets but once in four years; therefore until then, at least, Alabama must remain legally dry.

These are the statistics of arrests to which we have already referred, and which may have had no little influence upon the actions of the Legislature which has recently concluded its session. It may be explained that Jefferson County, in which Birmingham is situated, went dry in 1908, though the State itself was still "wet."

	1907. Saloons.	1908. Prohibition.	1912. Saloons.	1913. Saloons.
Disorderly conduct.....	1,628	945	3,812	3,942
Drunkenness.	2,428	745	2,831	3,958
Assault and battery.....	1,267	726	1,668	1,923
Selling liquor withoutlicense	——	470	427	269
Wife-beating.	125	74	75	106
	5,448	2,960	7,813	10,198

During the three years following 1908, while State prohibition was in force, the Coroner's record shows a direct diminution in the number of murders. In 1912 the State returned to open saloons. Here is the graphic record of the result:

	1909. Prohibition.	1910. Prohibition.	1911. Prohibition.	1912. Open Saloons.
Murders...	130	138	88	306

The total number of arrests for the period between 1907 and 1914 is also worthy of attention:

1907. Saloons.	1908. Prohibition.	1912. Saloons.	1913. Saloons.	1914. Saloons.
11,812	7,333	17,412	21,247	21,667

EXPECTATIONS AND REALIZATIONS

In other States the prohibition forces hope to make further progress. South Carolina will vote on the prohibition question this year. Ohio, where the prohibition forces recently suffered a setback, will again bring the question before the people. California, Florida, Kentucky, Nebraska, Montana, South Dakota, Vermont, and Utah will vote on the question in 1916; and State-wide prohibition bills are now pending in the Legislatures of Delaware, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Maryland, and Indiana. At the recent election in Illinois a great many saloons were voted out of existence, and three new dry counties added to anti-saloon territory. In Michigan fourteen counties voted for prohibition, ten of which represented the conquest of regions previously held by the "wet" forces. In the Legislature of New York State a very excellent optional local prohibition bill, drawn very much along the lines of the measure now in force in Illinois, has not succeeded in breaking out of the various committees to which it has been referred. The bill is not yet dead, however, and it may yet come to a vote before the Assembly and the Senate. This bill represents a very energetic effort to wipe out what may be called the non-enforcement provisions of the present Raines Law. It also provides, and this is its most important feature, that upon the petition of not less than one-fourth of the voters of any political subdivision in the State—down to the election district in the cities—the question whether such political subdivision shall become "anti-saloon territory" shall be submitted to the popular decision.

At present only the towns of New York State have the privilege of local option. This would extend throughout the State the rights now enjoyed by less than one-fourth of its whole population. The provision which this law makes for dry territory in "wet" cities is one which has been successfully tried in such cities as Chicago and Los Angeles. One of the chief obstacles to its passage seems to be the desire for revenue to be derived from increasing the license fees under the present law. Governor Whitman has publicly stated that he will not be a party to any such plan.

Such a bill as this Optional Local Liquor Law advocated by the Anti-Saloon League for New York State represents the best method of educating the public towards the elimination of the saloon. It is democratic in principle, as all liquor legislation must be to prove of genuine social value. At the present time it represents the constructive

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limits of temperance reform in such a diversified State as New York.

A FAMOUS BAD DECISION REVERSED

In upholding as Constitutional the statute of 1913 which fixes ten o'clock at night as the closing hour for women employed in manufacture, the Court of Appeals of New York has, in the case of the People vs. the Charles Schweinler Press, reversed, without a dissenting vote, the position which it took in June, 1907, in the Williams case in relation to the earlier statute. In that decision Judge Grey could "find nothing in the language of the section which suggests the purpose of promoting health, except as it might be *inferred* that for a woman to work during the forbidden hours of night would be unhealthful."

In the present decision the Court of Appeals somewhat elaborately explains that the earlier adverse view was taken by reason of the insufficient presentation of the facts in relation to the earlier statute. Says Justice Ingraham: "The facts on which the former statute might rest as a health regulation and the arguments made to us in behalf of its constitutionality were far different than those in the present case. . . . While theoretically we may have been able to take judicial notice of some of the facts and of some of the legislation now called to our attention as sustaining the belief and opinion that night work in factories is widely and substantially injurious to the health of women, actually very few of these facts were called to our attention, and the argument to uphold the law on that ground was brief and inconsequential." An appeal has been taken to the United States Supreme Court; previous decisions of that Court make it at least probable that the New York Court will be sustained.

The Williams decision, made public in 1907, has a certain historic importance as the last of its kind! Six months later, in January, 1908, began a series of twelve decisions in which the Supreme Court of the United States and the courts of last resort in the States have uniformly upheld statutes restricting the working hours of women.

The uniform result, the unbroken series of favorable decisions, is not due to a change in the Constitution of the United States or in those of the States. No constitution has been amended in regard to the due process of law or the freedom of contract. Nor is it due, with possibly one exception, to the gradually changing personnel of the courts.

A FINE PIECE OF PUBLIC SERVICE

The essential difference is in the manner of presenting to the Court the defense of the statute. The arguments as to the relation of the law under consideration and the health of the workers as a part of the public health are no longer "brief and inconsequential." As soon as it becomes known that a case has been begun in any minor court, in any State, with a view to testing the constitutionality of a statute affecting the work of women at night, or the length of their working day or week, the facts are collected throughout the civilized world from the publications of labor inspectors, physicians, and scientists. Months in advance of the hearing of the case in the highest courts these facts are sifted, printed, and placed at the disposal first of the prosecuting officers, and in due time, in the form of briefs, at the service of the courts. The value of these labors is indicated by Judge Ingraham in the following statement:

> In accordance with two statutes adopted by our Legislature in 1911 and 1912 . . . there was appointed . . . a Factory Investigating Commission. This Commission considered this subject of night work by women in factories, and in 1913 made a report to the Legislature, recommending that there be passed the law now before us prohibiting it. It reported that such prohibition was essential to protect and preserve the health and to some extent the morals of women. It stated: "The chief danger to health from night work is . . . due to the inevitable lack of sleep and sunlight. Recuperation from fatigue takes place fully only in sleep, and best in sleep at night. Hence night work is, in a word, against nature. When exhausting factory work fills the night and household work most of the day, health must inevitably be sacrificed. This injury to health is all the greater because sleep lost at night by workingwomen is never fully made up by day. For, in the first place, sleep in the daytime is not equal in recuperative power to sleep at night. . . . Moreover, quiet and privacy for sleep by day is almost impossible to secure. Upon returning home in the middle of the night or at dawn the workers can snatch at most only a few hours' rest."
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> While it is impossible to review at length this report and recommendation and the foundations therefor, it may briefly and generally be stated that it was based upon and supported by quite

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an extensive investigation by the Commission of actual factory conditions in this State where women performed night work, by many opinions of medical and other experts, and examination of other industrial investigations and legislation adopted in other jurisdictions in obedience, we must assume, to public opinion, forbidding such night work. . . .

Thus at the time when this statute was adopted there was before the Legislature the report of a commission created by it to consider and report on this subject, based on natural laws and on actual investigation, a large volume of expert and medical opinion, and a large number of statutes adopted in various jurisdictions, all of which tended to show a careful and long-continued study and examination of the subject of night work by women, and, as a result of such study and examination, a widespread belief that such work was so injurious to their health that it ought to be prohibited both for their own sakes and for the sake of the offspring whom they might bear.

The preparation of these briefs is the unique task of the Committee on the Legal Defense of Labor Laws of the National Consumers' League, whose Chairman is Miss Josephine Goldmark, author of "Fatigue and Efficiency." The Outlook has more than once referred to the extraordinary ability and large public service involved in this thorough work.

ANOTHER GREAT WHEAT CROP COMING

The entire grain-consuming world is intensely concerned in the coming wheat crop of the United States. The April report of the Government indicates that we shall produce practically as much as last year, its figures predicting on the basis of percentages 619,000,000 bushels of winter wheat, as compared with 620,000,000 bushels in the same month last year. In the outcome last year's harvest exceeded the April estimate and was 685,000,000 bushels, the largest by 150,000,000 bushels ever harvested. This year's acreage is 5,000,000 in excess of 1914, and the prospect is that we shall be again in a position to feed the world.

Broomhall, the London authority, declares that European countries have not bought enough wheat to supply their requirements for the remainder of the season. With a continuation of the war and a large crop in the United States, there is every prospect of our production being rapidly absorbed at high prices. Europe is not expected to harvest more than seventy-five per cent of its normal crop, and any extension of the war on the Continent would curtail the harvest further. Should the Dardanelles not be opened in the next six months, thus keeping bottled up the Russian wheat, there is no telling what may happen to prices. When we add the probable production of some 275,000,000 bushels of spring wheat now going into the ground, it means a wonderful influx of wealth to the American farmer.

Should the present rate of export be continued until July 1, there will be left in this country the smallest amount left as a carry-over ever known, and this has an important bearing on the price level for the coming harvest. Last year's yield was heaviest in Kansas, which produced twice its former record crop, a total of 184,000,000 bushels. Much of this was not sold until after the price had gone above a dollar a bushel, making what seemed a miraculous return to that State. Other States of the wheat belt also fared well, and indications are now that they will have another notably prosperous season. Of course it will require perfect growing weather until harvest to bring the crop now indicated, but seldom is there any serious injury after the plant has passed into April in good condition. With America practically the sole exporter of wheat until next October, as now seems probable, it will be in a position to dictate prices.

THE LAST LEGAL STAGE OF THE FRANK CASE

When two of the strongest and ablest members of the United States Supreme Court agree in doubting whether a man has had a fair trial for his life, it can certainly be said that there is ground for reasonable doubt of the fact. This is what has happened in the case of Leo M. Frank, convicted of murder by a Georgia court.

When this young man was tried, the feeling ran so high in Atlanta, where the trial was held, that it was not safe for him to be brought into court when the verdict was rendered. Now, it is one of the fundamental rights of an accused man, according to English and American traditions, to face personally the jury when it renders its verdict. This right Frank himself did not explicitly waive. When he was convicted, his lawyers did not at first present this as a reason for a new trial. Later they did offer this as a reason, but the Georgia courts declared that then it was too late. Justice Pitney, speaking for a majority of the

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Supreme Court, says that this procedure in the Georgia courts cannot be reversed, as, in his opinion, it is in accordance with the Constitution; on the other hand, Justice Holmes, speaking for himself and Justice Hughes, declares that this question is "not a matter for polite presumptions," that jurymen have been known to be "impregnated by the environing atmosphere," and that when, in the judgment of the Judge whose business it was to preserve not only form but substance, if any juryman had yielded to reasonable doubt "neither prisoner nor counsel would be safe from the rage of the crowd, we think the presumption overwhelming that the jury responded to the passion of the mob." Justice Holmes adds that it is the duty of the Supreme Court "to declare lynch law as little valid when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death."

Neither the majority nor minority of the Court expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner; but it is clear that two of the judges of the Court—both of them known to be careful, collected, and cool—are convinced that there was an element of lynch law in the spirit and atmosphere of the proceedings. Under those circumstances, it is deplorable that the majority of the Supreme Court felt that they could not take judicial cognizance of these facts, and found it necessary to rest their conclusions upon questions of State procedure. What happens to this particular prisoner is of less importance than what happens to the courts of our country; and if the spirit of the mob can by any technicality be allowed to sway the administration of justice, no amount of legal pleading can prevent the degradation of the courts and the promotion of lawlessness.

The fate of Leo Frank is now in the hands of the Governor of the State and the State Board of Pardons. It is of the utmost importance that these officials remember that since Leo Frank's actual trial no court has done anything to confirm the reasonableness of the verdict. All that has been done is to confirm the technical propriety of the procedure, and whatever casts doubt upon the justice of the original verdict is as unimpaired as it has been at any time. We hope that the officials who have the power of pardon will do what they can to restore in the minds of people throughout the country respect for Georgia's sense of justice.

DR. DERNBURG'S PEACE TERMS

No nation engaged in the European war is at present in the mood to sue for peace; and none will be without being brought face to face with utter ruin. Germany, however, is in a very different mood from that in which she was last summer. Evidence of this has been supplied by a statement issued over the name of Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, former Colonial Minister, and now an unofficial but most prominent spokesman of Germany in the United States. This utterance has taken the form of a letter to a German-American friend in Maine. It outlines Dr. Dernburg's idea as to what would be "an equitable solution" of the war. The terms are set out in order under seven heads:

1. Dr. Dernburg places first of all the necessity for peace of a "permanent nature." There is here no glorification of war as a normal means of securing political ends. There is nothing here of the temper that led Professor Münsterberg at the outbreak of the present conflict to write of war in the same way as he wrote of free trade, and to say that "only war can adjust the power of countries to the changing stages of their inner development," and that "if war were abolished the peoples which have poor lands today must remain poor through the centuries."

2. Recognizing that the "world has changed considerably since the last big conflagration," Dr. Dernburg makes as his second item the announcement, "I can with full authority disclaim any ambition by my country as to world dominion." The judicially minded would be inclined to attribute this disclaimer, not so much to a change in the world since the last conflagration, as a change in Germany through experience in the present conflagration. But Dr. Dernburg couples with this disclaimer a demand that the sea, which is nobody's property, "must be free to everybody." Before the war it was free to Germany as well as to every other nation. The only thing that has kept it from being free to Germany is Germany's own participation in this war. Dr. Dernburg apparently recognizes this, because he demands that the seas and the narrows be "kept permanently open for the free use of all nations in times of war as well as in times of peace." It is not clear what he means by this. Does he mean the abolition

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of all navies? Does he mean the denial of the right of blockade? Does he mean that the Panama Canal, for example, should be used to transport troops for an attack upon the United States? Dr. Dernburg does not explain. "The free use" of the sea by all nations "in times of war" has no meaning.

3. As a consequence of "a free sea," Dr. Dernburg proposes the joint ownership by interested nations of all cable and mail communications, and the provision that there should be no "discriminating duties between the motherland and dominions or colonies as against other nations." This is a very cool proposition. In other words, Dr. Dernburg would provide that the United States could make no arrangements for free trade between the Philippines and the United States proper without granting free trade to all other nations. Of course Dr. Dernburg was aiming his shaft at Great Britain.

4. He dismisses the question of the violation of Belgian neutrality by saying that the other belligerents have been guilty of breaking international law, and asserts, without citing evidence, that Chinese neutrality has been violated in the grossest way, and suggests that international law should be "re-established . . . with sufficient guarantees." We should like to hear more from Dr. Dernburg as to what guarantees would be sufficient to prevent a repetition of the invasion of Belgium.

5. Dr. Dernburg informs the world that Germany "does not believe in conquering and subjugating unwilling nations," but, inasmuch as "Belgium commands the main outlet of western German trade" and offers the only "outlet to an open sea," and has now been conquered at great expense of blood and treasure, "Belgium cannot be given up." In the next breath, however, he says "these considerations could be disregarded" if "the natural commercial relations of Belgium to Germany were considered in a just and workable form." In connection with this statement of Dr. Dernburg's about Belgium we herewith print a letter from a correspondent concerning a former statement of Dr. Dernburg's regarding Belgium:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The opinion of The Outlook is respectfully requested on the following facts:

Last autumn Dr. Dernburg asserted, in an article in the "Saturday Evening Post" and elsewhere, that Germany had not infringed the neutrality of Belgium because that neutrality was no longer under the guarantee of the famous Treaty of 1839, which created it. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, new treaties were made between England and France and England and the North German Confederation, which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium during the war and for twelve months, and twelve months only, after the ratification of a treaty of peace. Dr. Dernburg argued that these treaties abrogated the Treaty of 1839, and that therefore in 1914 Germany had a right to invade Belgium, since that country was no longer protected by any treaty.

The paragraph in the treaties of 1870 to which Dr. Dernburg refers reads as follows:

"*Art. III.* This treaty shall be binding on the high contracting parties during the continuance of the present war between the North German Confederation and France, and for twelve months after the ratification of any treaty of peace concluded between those parties;"

At first glance, and as it stands, this paragraph seems to support Dr. Dernburg's contention. But in fact the treaty, in the very same paragraph, and after the semicolon which stands at the end of the above quotation, goes on to say:

"And on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the high contracting parties are concerned, *continue to rest as before on the first article of the quintuple treaty of the 19th of April, 1839.*" (The italics are my own.)

The first article of the Treaty of 1839 created the neutrality of Belgium. Clearly, therefore, in order to make an argument for his country's violation of Belgian neutrality, Dr. Dernburg deliberately suppressed an essential part of the Treaty on which his argument was based, because that part would have shown the falsity of his argument. In law a suppression of this sort is considered equivalent to the assertion of a falsehood.

What is The Outlook's opinion on the ethical side of the subject? Any intelligent man can make up his own mind as to how far such practices are of advantage to a country, or how much is to be believed of any statement hereafter made by Dr. Dernburg.

FRANK HUNTER POTTER.

Dr. Dernburg is not the only one who in using this argument about the treaties has suppressed or ignored the vital provision which Mr. Potter puts in italics. Indeed, if Dr. Dernburg had quoted or even referred to that provision his argument would have been swept away.

Germany's attitude regarding Belgium and the Belgians will have to be very different from that which Dr. Dernburg has displayed before most Americans can receive with any

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credence any statement that the German representative makes upon the subject.

6. Dr. Dernburg, in the next place, says that the peace must provide that Germans may have a scope for their activity in the world without finding themselves expatriated. This, of course, is another way of saying that Germany needs colonies and must have them.

7. Finally, Dr. Dernburg says that Germany must reward the enormous sacrifices made by German womanhood.

We do not believe that Dr. Dernburg's statement will have the slightest influence upon the countries at war with Germany, and we do not see how it can modify in any respect American sentiment.

JOHN BURROUGHS: NEIGHBOR

Mr. Burroughs's birthday has become a kind of National event, not formally recognized by public action, but informally remembered and celebrated by a host of Americans who have found him not only a naturalist thoroughly at home out of doors, but a writer of fresh mind, and, above all, a genial and helpful neighbor. Living in the quietest possible way in a small community on the Hudson River, Mr. Burroughs has been a public man for many years; for it is true, as Edward Everett Hale often said, that men in political station constitute only a small group of Americans in public life. In a country in which political action is relatively a small part of the expression of National life, any one who contributes to the intelligence, the education, and the welfare of the commonwealth is a public person in the true sense of the word.

The simplicity of Mr. Burroughs's nature and the sincerity of his spirit, as well as his innate kindliness, have made him the companion and neighbor of the whole country. Born on a farm, he was, so to speak, domesticated in nature in his childhood, and no other out-of-door writer has made nature so homelike as the author of "Wake Robin" and the long list of refreshing books that bear his name. Men have observed nature and have written about her for many generations; but it is within the memory of men now living that a new kind of out-of-door literature has been developing and has come to play a great part in the life of the day.

White, of Selborne, was a friendly person who lived in a village and kept a leisurely report of the goings on in the fields and roads about him as well as in his garden; but White kept the record of Selborne largely to please himself. Thoreau, born in the New World and breathing another atmosphere, had a fresh sense of the remoteness of nature from human habitations, a quiet passion for the wild life of the woods and fields. He had a genius for companionship with boys, and one boy now living has described the romantic interest of an evening with Thoreau, when his knowledge of birds, beasts, and traps and all the devices of camping opened a new world to the eager group of listeners before the fire. But Thoreau was essentially a recluse, and a discoverer rather than a neighbor. Jefferies was on intimate terms with the English landscape, which to him was a refuge from the pathos and tragedy of life. He was also a writer with unusual gifts of description; but the American who reads his "Wild Life in a Southern County" and "The Gamekeeper at Home" feels that he is in another world.

Mr. Burroughs has not been indifferent to the wilder aspects of nature. He has lived in the mountains with John Muir, and he is at home in the deep woods; but no man has made nature quite so companionable, or given such a large number of people a sense of being at home out of doors, as this farmer's boy, who has added to his early knowledge the observation of many years and a wide acquaintance with science. Mr. Burroughs also has a delightful literary gift. His interpretations of Walt Whitman have contributed not a little to the wide reading of that unusual and uneven singer of the "democratic vistas." Mr. Burroughs's remark that Whitman is like a climate rather than a conventional poet is a capital illustration of his acumen; while his essay on Arnold, published years ago, showed critical ability of a high order.

That Americans have gone out of doors of late years has been due in no small measure to the fact that Mr. Burroughs has opened all the doors outward; and by the genial and insinuating educational quality of his informal essays has made the front yard part of the landscape, and the back yard an avenue of escape into a world in which there is neither politics nor business.

Whoever has broken bread at Slabsides has found himself in the presence of a noble landscape and of a rugged and sincere

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human spirit; a man who all his life has held resolutely to the simple things, and who now, at the summit of seventy-eight years, tells us that he is working more hours a day than ever before in his life. In an age when the daily record of murder, defalcation, and divorce tempts one to believe that honor and honesty have gone out of society, such a career as his has a tonic quality.

THE SILENCE OF GOD

Religion is a life, but it must have certain definitions; and definitions of religions become creeds. One may accept a creed; one cannot accept a religion. That is to say, one may assent to an intellectual statement of faith; but one cannot hold the faith itself except as a matter of personal trust and experience. No man can take a religion because it is traditional. Christianity is born afresh in the mind and heart of every man and woman who accepts it not only as a rule of life but as a revelation of the spirit and purpose of the Infinite. Christianity is therefore fresh and new whenever the creed ceases to be an intellectual statement and becomes a faith. This truth, so often overlooked or misunderstood, Bishop Brent brings out very clearly in his little book "The Revelation of Discovery" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York).

Bishop Brent is a mystic, as all profoundly religious natures are; dealing with a foreign people, and presenting spiritual religion to them, he escapes entirely from the rigidly intellectual processes, from the formal statements, from the tyranny of creeds, into the living truth. He does not disregard creeds, for he is essentially conservative; but to him they are not mere logical statements of belief, they are aids to faith.

His chapter on "The Discovery of Ideal Love" shows such insight, freshness of feeling, and devoutness of spirit that it has all the elements of discovery. It is not that he says so many things that are novel; but that his whole interpretation of the love of God has such freshness and reasonableness that it comes as a kind of new contribution to a subject about which there is great confusion of thought. He declares that the Apostles' Creed is love expressed in terms of faith; that life that is in any sense worthy is spent in search for an adequate object on which to lavish love. Our first conception of love is that it is indulgent and does nothing but give. We are always emphasizing its tenderness and support; and it is true that love is one great desire to give all that it has and all that it is. But there are different ways of giving; and God's way of giving is not the human way; and God's love is not mere indulgence. He never treats us as his darlings. We begin with the idea that he is an indulgent giver, and then, when one of the mysteries or tragedies of life confronts us, we say, "How can it be that a God who is love should permit this? He cannot be *all* love." We assume that there is something incompatible with infinite love and the sorrow and pain of life, while as a matter of fact it is only our imperfect conception of love which raises the difficulty.

Love has vigor as well as tenderness; self-repression as well as sacrifice. It often gives its best by taking away most. Men are staggered in their religious experience by the dimness of the spiritual world. God seems to be like a man who has gone into a far country. He is surrounded by profound silence; many have declared him unknowable; others acknowledge a glimpse of him only at long intervals; and to many of the best his face is veiled. Those who see him most clearly see him in a mirror, darkly. He seems an influence rather than a personality. This situation is the very revelation of the nature of divine love; the best of us walk by faith, not by sight. God has promised that he will always be conscious of us; but he does not promise that we shall always be conscious of him. He has promised to dwell with us, to sustain us, to be present with us to the end of the world; but we are to realize these things by faith; we are to take them for granted and live by them; we are to speak to him as though we could see him; we are to find his strength by using it. But God represses and keeps himself out of sight through sheer love for us. A truly great personality is filled with self-repression. If he is not, he becomes a tyrant instead of an influence and a benefactor. A great personality without self-repression is an actual menace to the smaller people among whom he lives. It was expedient that Christ should leave his disciples in order that the strengthener might come. God's work with men is not that of a policeman striving to keep people straight; his work is to recreate them. Having endowed them with freedom, he reverences his own gift. If we were always conscious of him, freedom would be impossi-

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ble; the whole race would be hypnotized if divine love were not veiled divine restraint. The apparent absence of God indicates, not indifference, but interest; it is not a forsaking but an expression of trust.

At the Battle of Crécy, when soldiers sent word to King Edward III that his son was sore pressed and in great need of help, the King sent back word that they must not send for him or expect him to come. "I command them," he said, "to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." And Edward was right. He gave his son the opportunity which not only brought him renown but established him in the hearts of his people.

Trial is not only a challenge to put forth courage and faith, but it is an expression of confident love. Trial is always man's greatest opportunity for moral and spiritual development. It is when an earnest man has been through hardship that he begins to discover the love of God. The love which indulges and coddles is destructive; the love that challenges is creative; such love is not only self-sacrificing, but self-repressing, holding back constantly that which it would fain give, and giving by holding back. The love of God is virile as well as compassionate, insistent as well as repressive; the very reverse of a great deal of human love which in its short-sightedness wrecks that which it would save and destroys that which it would build up.

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY GREGORY MASON

USUALLY it is considered good military tactics to follow up one successful offensive with another at the same point of attack, and to pile blow on blow until such concentrated friction wears the enemy's lines thin and breaks them, or proves them absolutely inexpugnable. But the Allies in France and Belgium are ignoring this rule, with others from the text-books that will have to be rewritten when this war is done.

More than a month ago the British gained a few miles at Neuve Chapelle. Instead of following up this gain they halted, while the French to the south began to slash at the German wedge poised on St. Mihiel. Now, having done some highly successful cutting here, the French rest on their arms, while simultaneously their comrades in Alsace and the British about Ypres take up the attack.

This policy of sporadic rushing at widely separated points, which General Joffre has aptly called "nibbling," has characterized the spring campaign thus far, the only change being that the "nibbling" is somewhat more voracious and frequent than it was during the winter.

THE STRATEGY OF THE ALLIES

The Allies now have about four million men, including reserves, available against the two million human moles holding the muddy ruts that are Germany's western barricades. Two to one may seem a sufficient preponderance to justify the Allies in a wholesale assault along their wide front, or in the sort of unrelenting, hammer-and-tongs attack at any selected point which some of the old war text-books would advise. It is doubtful, however, if the odds yet lie sufficiently in their favor to justify a simultaneous assault from wing to wing. Five thousand determined men to the mile in trenches are not easy to dislodge. In the Franco-Prussian War, later at Plevna, and again in the Transvaal, one to two men for each yard of ground usually constituted a defense invulnerable from widespread frontal attack. On the other side, the objection to a concentrated thrust at one spot in the German lines is that such concentration by the Allies can be met by reserves brought up from all along the Kaiser's present western frontier, reinforcements on one side checkmating reinforcements on the other until the move ends in a stalemate.

Hence the wisdom of the strategy to which General Joffre and Sir John French apparently are continuing to adhere. By pecking simultaneously at several separated points they may succeed at last in breaking through somewhere before the Germans can

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call into play their splendid railway system and bring up supporting masses of soldiers.

A QUIET WEEK

These yet unmeasured gains of the Allies in Alsace and Belgium constituted the outstanding events of the week April 14 to April 21, a week of surprisingly little action. In the Dardanelles the Allies sank a Turkish torpedo-boat, and in the North Sea a German submarine aroused the indignation of the people of Holland and provided a legitimate *casus belli* between Germany and the Netherlands by sinking the Dutch steamer Katwyk as she lay at anchor near the mouth of the Scheldt. Some of Germany's Zeppelin fleet, which has furnished little news for several weeks, raided England three times within three days, twice attacking suburbs of London and once visiting the Tyne district, but without causing a single casualty or accomplishing serious damage to property.

ZEPPELINS AGAIN

Now that the storms of winter are subsiding, however, such raids will probably increase. Thus far England has not been visited by more than three or four Zeppelins at a time. Until we have had an attack by a dozen or by twenty-five or thirty of these sky dreadnoughts, however, it is not fair to stamp the Zeppelin a failure as an instrument of offense. I cannot believe that Germany will make peace before giving her Zeppelin fleet one such thoroughgoing test against her island foe.

Lieutenant Roland G. Garros, who before the war often took part in aviation competitions in this country, and who has accounted for several German sky fighters since August 4, 1914, was obliged to coast earthwards behind the German lines, and was taken prisoner.

RUSSIA HELD UP

In the Carpathians the Russians have been halted, whether only temporarily or not remains to be seen. In order to debouch her Carpathian army of nearly two million men effectively into the Hungarian plain, Russia must have the Uzsok Pass, with the railway that threads it. The greatest danger to the Slavs comes not from the foes facing them but from the hostile forces on their left flank near Stryj and on their right flank about Cracow. Should either of these bodies or both prove able to swoop around and cut the railways that connect the Czar's Carpathian expedition with his lines in Galicia, the Slavs now fighting on the slippery crests and in the melting ravines would be marooned in the mountains.

ENGLAND APOLOGIZES

The contention made by Germany, and substantiated by Chile, that the Dresden was within the neutral three-mile limit of Juan Fernandez Island when attacked by the three British cruisers that sank her, has been acknowledged by Great Britain in a note of apology to the South American republic. In the Chilean protest to his Majesty's Government it was stated that the Dresden had been ordered interned by the Governor of Juan Fernandez Island when she was attacked. The British reply points out that she "still had her colors flying and her guns trained," and "might obviously, had not the British ships taken action, have escaped, again to attack British commerce." Nevertheless, "in view of the time it would take to clear up the circumstances and because of the Chilean communication, the British Government do not wish to qualify the apology that they now present to the Chilean Government."

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT AND THE GERMAN

I have received an anonymous communication from a writer who says, "The English mercenary spirit is responsible for the great European war." My correspondent argues that this same spirit led England into an unrighteous war with the Boers, led her to aid the cause of secession in our Civil War, and was the moving factor in her oppression of the American colonists. My correspondent remarks that this "mercenary spirit" was voiced by Mr. Charles Townshend before Parliament in 1765, and he quotes the reply to Mr. Townshend made by Colonel Barré, who warmly defended the colonies against the mother country.

The interesting thing is that both Townshend and Barré were Englishmen. Townshend was not a man of reputation, and was known in Parliament and throughout England as "the weathercock." The very fact that Barré defended the American colonies in Parliament shows how different the English spirit has always been from the modern spirit of the parliamentary leaders in Germany. With the possible exception of the Socialist Liebknecht, who, it is reported, has been punished for his protest, no voice has been raised in the German Parliament against the acknowledged policy of forcible European

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domination. My correspondent also refers to the Boer War in South Africa. No fair-minded man can deny that great injustices were committed by individual Englishmen in South Africa. The Jameson raid is often referred to as an example of British selfishness and greed, but it must be remembered that Jameson was tried in London for that raid in an English court and was punished by a term in an English prison. At the close of the Boer War the South African colonies were federated by England into an independent commonwealth, and the Boers have been given an equal voice with Englishmen in the government of the commonwealth, and since then that commonwealth has been actually under Boer control. This is quite different from the policy of European domination which has been advocated by Germany. Has anybody voiced a public protest in the German Reichstag against the crushing of Belgium? Does anybody suppose that German officials will be tried and punished in German courts for Belgian atrocities as Jameson was tried and punished in a London court? And does anybody believe that, if Belgium is permanently held by Germany, the present German authorities will give to the Belgians any such degree of self-government as the British Imperial Parliament has given to the South African Union?

New York City, April 21, 1915.

SERVIA'S DISTRESS

AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

*Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has just arrived in this country, partly to acquaint himself with American sentiment regarding the European war and partly to arouse interest throughout the country in the work of Servian relief. Mr. Trevelyan is a son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the distinguished author of "The Life and Letters of Macaulay" and "The American Revolution," and is a grandnephew of the historian Macaulay. Mr. George Trevelyan himself is known to a large circle of American readers for his three books on the history of the period of Italian unification, the title of perhaps the best-known volume being "Garibaldi and the Thousand." American interest in his literary work has been greatly augmented by "The Life of John Bright," which, as our readers know, we have regarded as one of the great recent contributions to biographical literature in the English language. At our request Mr. Trevelyan has made to a representative of The Outlook the following statement regarding the situation in Servia. An international committee of three representative men—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American—has just been created to organize and administer Servian relief. Contributions of money are urgently needed, and may be sent to the Treasurer of the Servian Relief Fund, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.—*THE EDITORS.

What is the duty of Americans with regard to Belgium and Servia? How should they distinguish between their duty to the two countries?

On the one hand, the moral debt to Belgium is the greatest because it had no share of its own in the quarrel which led to this war. It is a perfectly innocent and detached victim. Whereas, in the case of Servia, although much more sinned against than sinning, her quarrel with Austria was nevertheless her own fault. For that reason, of course, the principal efforts and sympathies of the citizens of the neutral world belong to Belgium. But, on the other hand, the actual situation to-day is that one pound spent in Servia will relieve a greater quantity of human suffering and save a greater number of human lives than one pound spent in Belgium. Furthermore, the Servians are morally not undeserving of assistance, because of their most heroic efforts by which they have driven an army of four hundred thousand Austrians out of their territory in defense of their national liberties. Also the humane conduct of the Servians in this war stands out in striking contrast with the atrocities committed by Servians and other Balkan peoples in the previous Balkan wars and the atrocities committed by the Austro-Hungarian

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troops against the Servian women and children in the present war.

What is there in the character of the Servian country, the Servian people, and the actual fighting on Servian soil that has made relief there more necessary at this time than anywhere else in Europe?

The typhus which is now devastating the population of Servia is far more severe than any disease prevalent in any other part of Europe at this moment, and unless stamped out is likely to become a danger, not only to Servia, but to the rest of the world, to which it may spread. The reason of this unusual, this local, severity of typhus in Servia is found in the circumstances of the present war there. The Austrian atrocities committed near Shabatz in the middle of August, when about three thousand civilians were murdered and several hundred women and children burned to death by the Austro-Hungarian troops, caused the flight of more than half a million inhabitants of northwestern Servia from before the advance of the Austrian troops later in the autumn. These refugees are now planted down in the central and southern parts of Servia. There is no proper accommodation for them, because Servia is a poor and merely agricultural community without great public institutions or any resources of its own to cope with such an influx of refugees. The refugees have therefore been crowded into the other private houses there, without change of clothing, as are also the sixty thousand Austrian prisoners. In these circumstances it was inevitable that once typhus began it should spread most terribly.

When I was in the northwestern district of Servia ravaged by the Austrians, an attempt was being made to replace a portion at least of these refugees on their farms in this district, but it was clearly at that time impossible. The Austrians in their passage had destroyed all the stores of food which they found, as well as all the mills and agricultural implements and the furniture of the houses. I saw children dying of starvation by the roadside, the mothers weeping over them and having no food to give them.

Servian soldiers were doing all they could and all humane kindness could do to save these unfortunate women and children, and to enable them to set up life again on ruined homesteads. But this was clearly impossible. The country had been too thoroughly destroyed, and the means of locomotion were at that time, at any rate (January), insufficient for the work of restoring the population to this district. The refugees, therefore, still remained crowded in central and southern Servia. Hence now either provision to restore them to their old home, which grows more possible with the coming of spring, or else the proper provision for their housing in tents and clothing them with new clothes, must be made. In effect, a complete change has to be made in the sanitary conditions of Servia if typhus is to be stamped out, and if cholera is not to follow in summer. This cannot be done by the Servians themselves. Of the four hundred Servian doctors more than one hundred have already perished of typhus. They have not the material plant, and all their organizing ability is being used up in the military work of the armies. The civil population can be saved only by more and more extensive assistance from western Europe and America.

What have Americans already done, and what may they still do, to meet the conditions you describe?

When I was in Servia at the beginning of the year, the Servians were already extremely grateful to the American doctors and hospitals. Their imaginations had been greatly struck by the presence of Dr. Ryan and Dr. Baker in Belgrade, where they were able to keep a large hospital going throughout the Austrian bombardment and occupation, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. It was impossible for the Servians or the British to have hospitals in Belgrade, owing to their status as combatants. When the Austrians insisted on bombarding one of the American hospitals, they received a message from the doctor in charge that unless they stopped he would chloroform the Austrian wounded prisoners, of whom he was taking tender care. It is doubtful whether the threat would have been fulfilled; but, at any rate, it was a characteristic and commendable piece of American "bluff" which served its purpose. Since this date several American doctors have died in the service of humanity, the victims of typhus. One of the most regretted was Dr. Donelly, who perished at Jevjeli, in southern Servia. American and British doctors and nurses have given up their lives in this struggle with typhus, and perhaps half of them in the country have already been affected by that disease. The gratitude of the Servians is very touching. These things will be remembered for generations in Servia.

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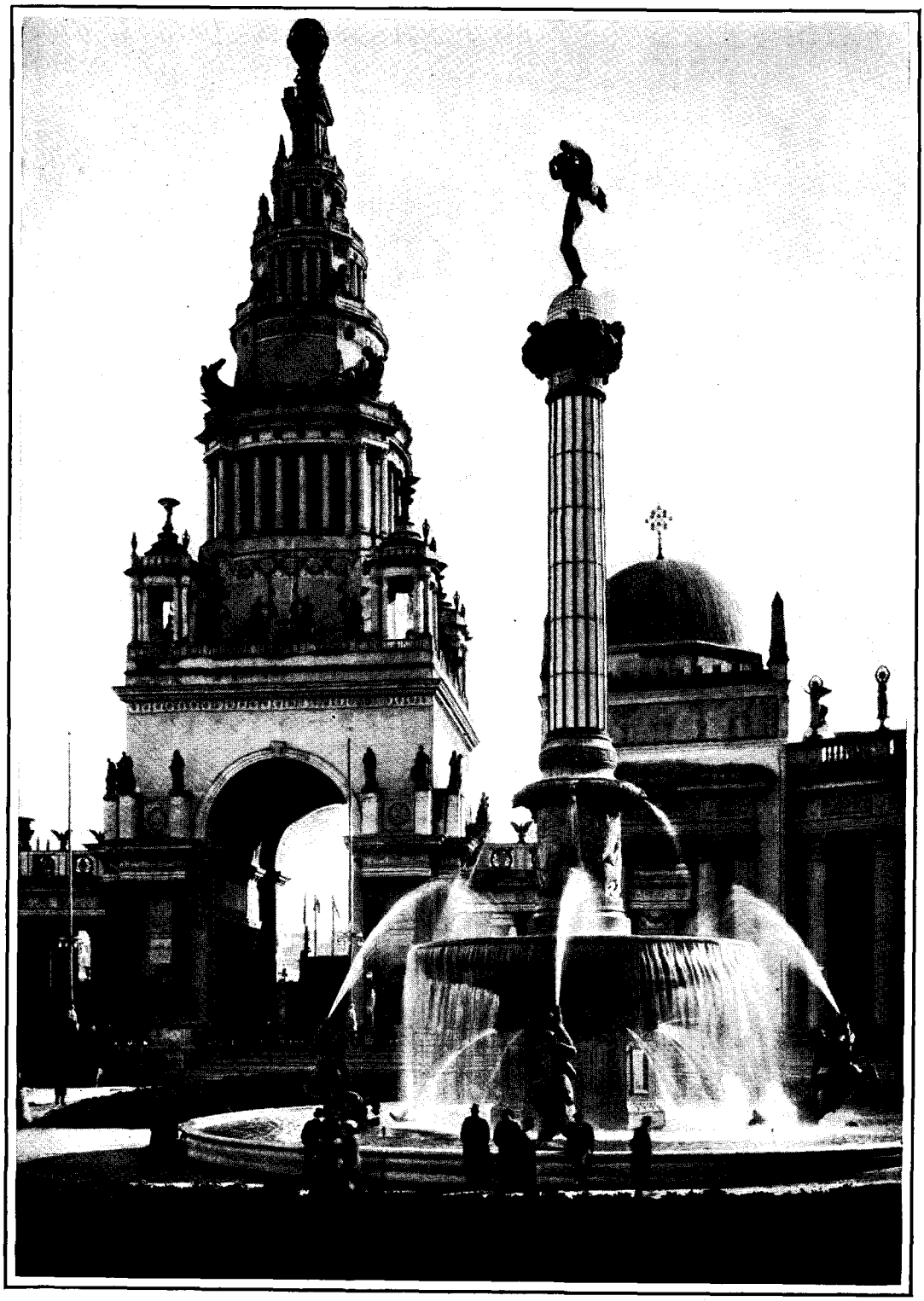

I THE TOWER OF JEWELS, SEEN FROM THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

FOUR PICTURES FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR AT SAN FRANCISCO

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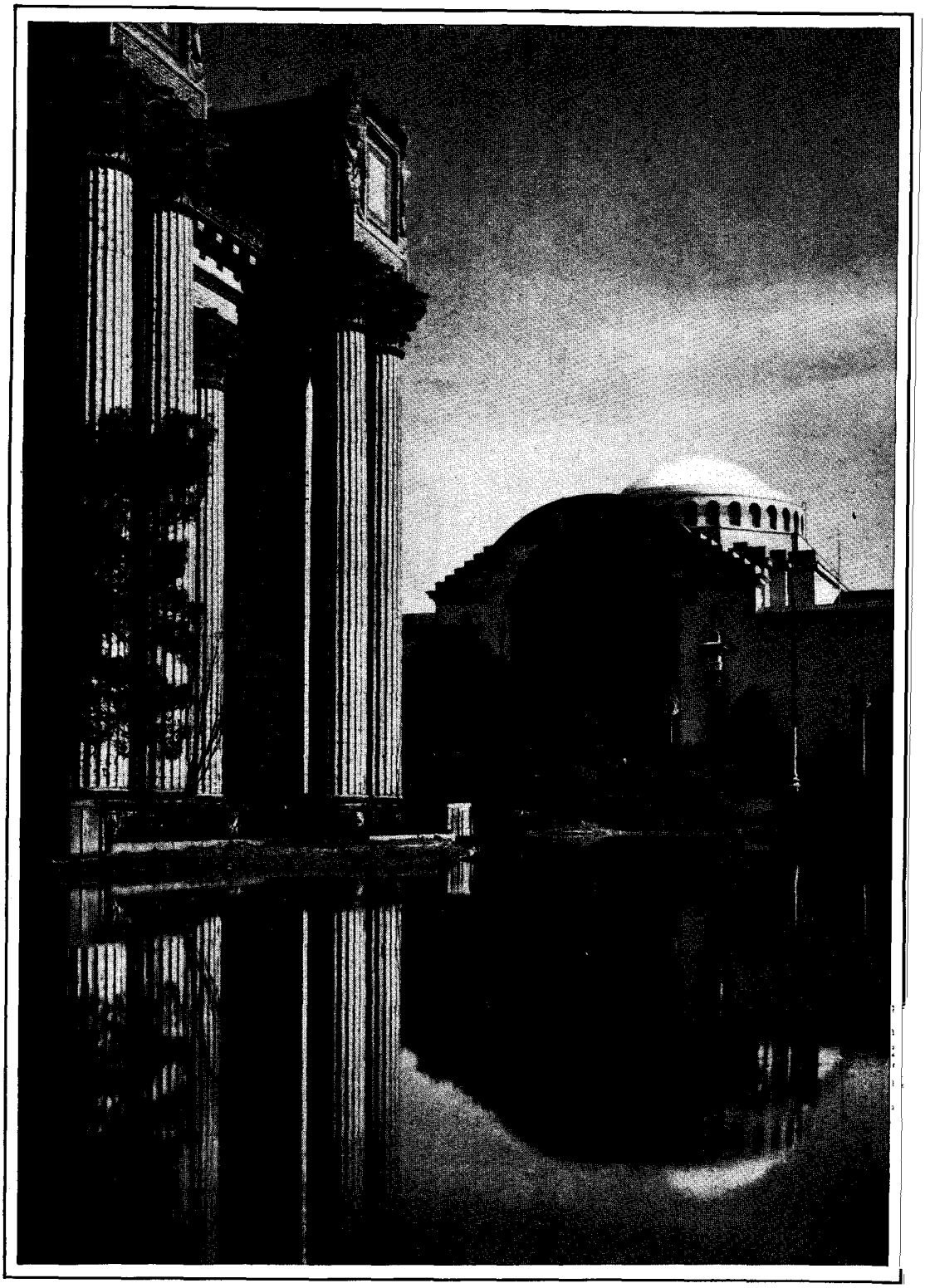

THE PALACE OF FOOD PRODUCTS, SEEN FROM THE COLONNADE OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

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III WITHIN THE COLONNADE OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

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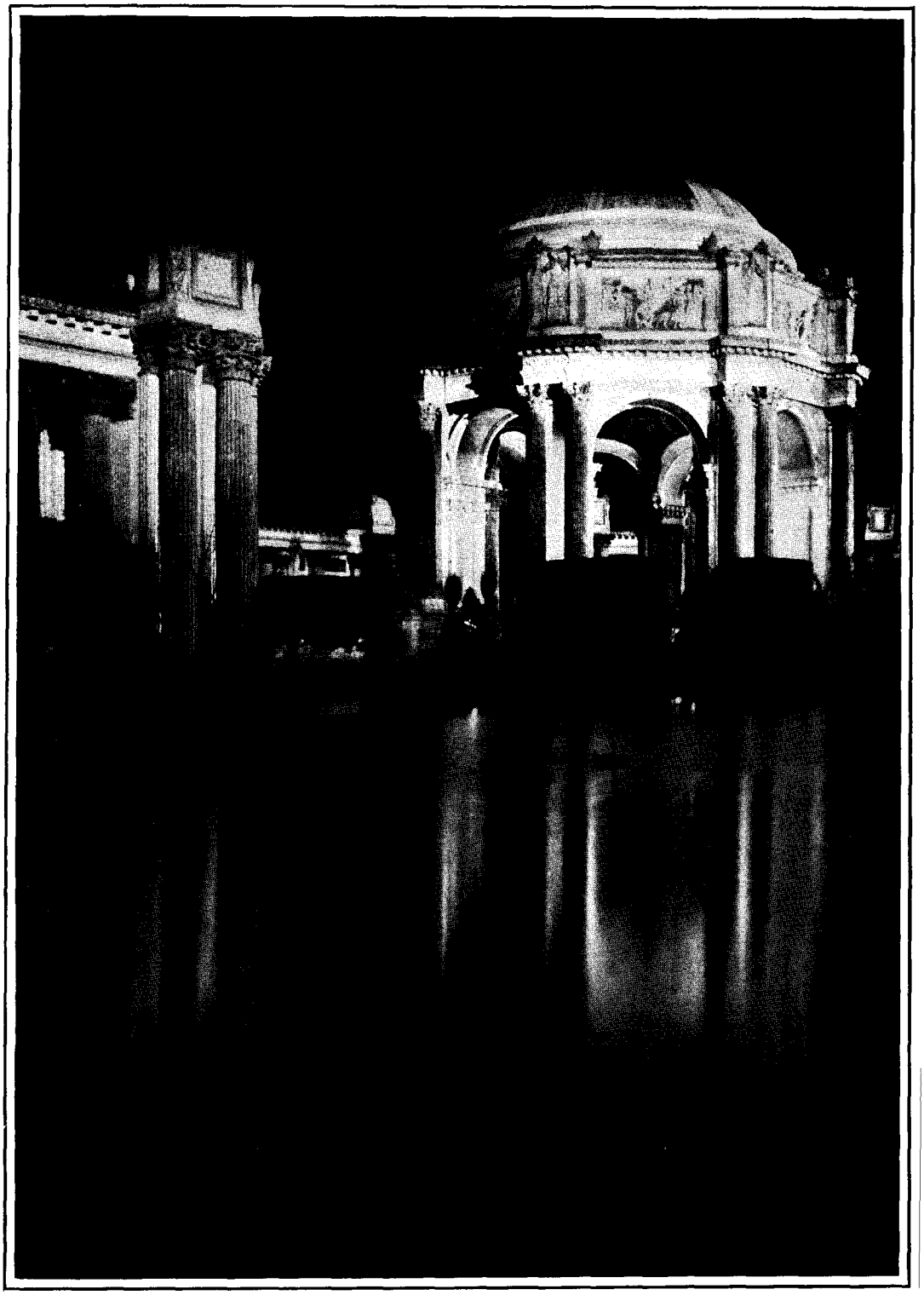

THE ROTUNDA OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS AT NIGHT

IV

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WILL EUROPE REPUDIATE HER WAR DEBT?

SOME HISTORICAL PRECEDENTS—THE EFFECT OF POSSIBLE REPUDIATION UPON THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE voice of the pessimist has become subdued and his predictions are less seriously regarded now that the unprecedented balance of trade in favor of the United States is commencing to fire the public imagination and war prices are being transmuted into bank credits.

He is not entirely silent, however, and, whenever he can obtain an audience, may be heard prophesying the reaction that will follow the war when the millions of men now fighting shall resume peaceful industry at low wages and flood America with the cheaply made goods that impoverished Europe cannot buy.

This disposition to see trouble ahead, if not too highly developed, spells caution and is not undesirable; but when it becomes persistently misanthropic it is injurious, blankets healthy enthusiasm, and retards progress.

It becomes most important, therefore, to know whether the apprehension that is expressed as to the post-bellum future is warranted; for if the present activity is to end with the war and is to be followed by industrial prostration, unemployment, and low wages in the United States, it is time that we should commence preparing ourselves for those conditions, if, indeed, preparation can mitigate them.

The past six months have shattered so many previously accepted economic theories that it is dangerous to be dogmatic.

Any one who prophesied the present abundance of credit and cheapness of money despite the most stupendous borrowing the world has ever known would have been regarded as an optimistic fool eight months ago.

It was then almost universally assumed that the greatest war of history would result in innumerable bank failures and the complete breakdown of the world's financial machinery; but instead the banks of Europe have nearly doubled their deposits on the average, and the mechanism of finance is functioning with a facility and precision that is surprising.

In a recent article on the achievements of German finance in the face of war, Professor Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, says that under cover of military law Germany is making the most stupendous experiment in Socialism that has yet been attempted; and in the light of recent developments the same statement seems to be applicable to Great Britain. The announcement that Hartley Withers has been appointed Financial Adviser to the British Treasury will tend to confirm this belief in the minds of those who have read his "Poverty and Waste," which has been described as "a perfect conjunction of economics and ethics," and is probably the most frankly Socialistic book on finance that has ever been written.

In using the word Socialistic to describe the tendency of European finance since the commencement of the war it is perhaps proper, although it may be unnecessary, to explain that it is not intended to convey the idea of anarchy that is erroneously associated with Socialism by many Americans. Socialism as understood in Europe means what is called collectivism, or the subordination of individual rights or privilege to the welfare of the largest possible number of people, and as applied to finance it implies that the first obligation of capital is to the public good rather than to the capitalist.

As the war has undoubtedly induced a wider acceptance of the Socialistic theory in Europe, we are likely to see a more general application of its principles with the return of peace.

In any attempt to forecast the future it is therefore wise to reckon upon the increased power of the democracy and its ability to protect itself against what it conceives to be the oppression of capital.

Before the war the national debts of the belligerents were about as follows: France, $6,500,000,000; Russia, $4,500,000,000; Germany, $4,000,000,000; Austria, $3,800,000,000; and England (not including her colonies), $3,500,000,000—a total of $22,300,000,000. Interest on this ante-bellum debt called for $838,000,000 annually, and the total of all governmental disbursements in the countries named was about $6,365,000,000.

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This enormous sum was raised by taxation, imposed directly and indirectly upon a population of about 350,000,000 people—men, women, and children.

This population was distributed as follows: Russia, 150,000,000; Germany, 65,000,000; France, 40,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 50,000,000; Great Britain, 45,000,000. Assuming that one person in four is a wage-earner or producer whose energy yields on the average the equivalent of $300 a year—a liberal estimate—we have $26,250,000,000 as the monetary equivalent of the earning power of the belligerent nations in time of peace. From this deduct the $6,365,000,000 hitherto paid in national taxes, and there is left $19,885,000,000, or $57 per capita, out of which a population of 350,000,000 had to pay living expenses before the war.

In a recent issue of the London "Economist," Edgar Crammond, Secretary of the Liverpool Stock Exchange, attempts to estimate the losses resulting from the war if it lasts only a year and is over by July 31 next. Here are his figures:

LOSSES OF GREAT BRITAIN

Direct expenditure of the Government	£708,000,000
Capitalized value of the loss of human life	300,000,000
Loss of production	250,000,000
Total	£1,258,000,000

LOSSES OF GERMANY

Direct cost to German Government	£938,000,000
Loss of production	958,000,000
Capitalized value of the loss of human life	879,000,000
Total	£2,775,000,000

LOSSES OF FRANCE

Direct expenditure of French Government	£533,400,000
Destruction of property	160,000,000
Capitalized value of the loss of human life	348,000,000
Loss of production	645,000,000
Total	£1,686,400,000

LOSSES OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Direct expenditure of Government	£562,000,000
Destruction of property	100,000,000
Capitalized value of the loss of human life	240,000,000
Loss of production	600,000,000
Total	£1,502,000,000

LOSSES OF BELGIUM

Direct expenditure of Belgian Government	£36,500,000
Destruction of property	250,000,000
Capitalized value of the loss of human life	40,000,000
Loss of production and other losses	200,000,000
Total	£526,500,000

LOSSES OF RUSSIA

Total (estimated)	£1,400,000,000
Grand total	9,147,900,000

This total of £9,147,900,000, equal to $45,740,000,000, does not include the losses of Servia, Montenegro, Japan, and Turkey, and the costs to neutrals. Some of the items included—*i. e.*, the capitalized value of lives sacrificed and the loss of production—are matters of theoretical calculation and are open to question; but nearly all students of the subject agree that the public debt of the belligerents, which was $22,300,000,000 before the war, will be about doubled by July 31. The taxation necessary to support and amortize this aggregated obligation of $44,600,000,000, together with the pensions and other financial burdens of the struggle, will be laid upon a population that found subsistence difficult enough on $57 per capita before the war and will be terribly impoverished at its close.

It is also logical to assume that, since the war is avowedly being fought for the abolition of militarism, the power of democracy will be immensely strengthened if that purpose is accomplished, and that the integrity of the national obligations created and the payment of the debts incurred will be possible only with the consent and self-sacrificing cooperation of the people.

The important questions to consider are, therefore, will this consent be forthcoming, and is the self-sacrifice possible without self-destruction?

If either or both of these questions must be answered in the negative, then the prospect is one that must give great concern to the capitalistic classes of Europe who are holders of "Rentes," "Consols," "German Bonds," and the like, as well as to the comparatively small number of Americans who have bought such obligations.

Bluntly stated, the question is, Will the people of Europe repudiate the debts now being incurred either from choice or necessity?

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For answer we must refer to the pages of history; but in them we can find no exact precedent for the present situation, as never before have any group of nations, or all the nations together, for that matter, been in debt to the amazingly unthinkable total that the present belligerents will shortly owe.

The statement that "a national debt is a national blessing," attributed to Burke, who was not a financier, has probably done more to make the present fabric of national credit possible than the negotiations of all the chancellors of the exchequer that have ever lived. It has also made possible the present war, for, without the ability to borrow, and so mortgage posterity, the armies now in the field could never have been put there.

Burke's dictum was wisely modified by our own Alexander Hamilton, who said: "A national debt, *if not excessive*, will be to us a national blesssing." But Hamilton's proviso has been forgotten, and during the last hundred years the investors of the world have exhibited a fatuous willingness to buy governmental securities on a basis which returns a lower rate of interest than could be obtained on almost any other obligation.

"Blackwood's Magazine" for December, 1849, speaks editorially of "a mania for investing in foreign loans which began twenty years ago (1829)." After mentioning several Spanish-American governments and Greece, Portugal, and Spain, the article says: "On sixteen of these loans not even interest has been paid."

Since the period of which "Blackwood's" speaks the list of repudiated national, state, and municipal debts has been greatly lengthened, but, although there is in London an association whose business it is to prevent, if possible, fresh borrowing by communities that have once repudiated, it is said with truth that any nation, however impoverished and discredited, "can always get money at a price."

Prior to the nineteenth century there were many historical repudiations. Most of these were, however, the deliberate actions of monarchs who found their obligations burdensome. In Hallam's "Constitutional History," page 25, we read that "under Henry VIII, Parliament 'freely, liberally, and absolutely gave and granted unto the King's Highness, all and every sum or sums of money' which were due by him on any and every 'promise, bond, or obligation of any kind or nature whatsoever.' Burnett says this Act gave great offense; for some had made wills embracing these bonds, and others had pledged them for their debts, but there was no remedy. Some twenty years later Parliament passed a similar Act with an additional feature of most extraordinary character. It provided that the King should be discharged from all debts contracted by loan or otherwise subsequent to a given date; and that, if he had already paid off any of these debts, 'the party or his heirs should repay his Majesty.'"

Later on Charles II cheated the creditors of the state out of £2,800,000 by closing the exchequer, but a compromise was afterwards made by which £664,225 was recognized, and this was the origin of the present British national debt.

Frequently thereafter many of the monarchs and governments of Europe, England included, sought to evade or scale their debts by debasing the coinage, as a result of which practice the London merchants fell into the habit of making their obligations payable in the unvarying standard of the cities of the Hanseatic League, then known as the "Pound Easterling," from which the present "Pound Sterling" was evolved by elision.

It was not, however, until the French Revolution that the representatives of a democracy formally undertook the repudiation of a national debt by making it payable in worthless paper.

The story is a long one, and is interestingly told in Thiers's "Révolution Française," Leroy-Beaulieu's "Science des Finances," and Dr. Andrew D. White's "Paper Money Inflation in France;" but the best summary of the facts that I have been able to find is in Volume VIII of the "Cambridge Modern History," the twenty-third chapter of which, on "Revolutionary Finance," written by Henry Higgs, commences with these words:

"The generalization that money is the root of all revolution has the defects of its simplicity, but among the varied influences which provoked the French Revolution vicious finance takes the first place."

Briefly, the great French repudiation which made worthless the entire national debt outstanding in 1793, estimated by Higgs at 6,623,400,000 francs, was accomplished by decreeing that it should be payable in paper "assignats" at "the rate of 10 livres of assignats for each livre due the fund-holder." These assignats were a fiat currency issued by the revolutionary Government to an aggregate amount of 44,577,000,000 francs.

They were not redeemable in specie, but

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were a legal tender for both private and public debts, and were supposed to have the credit of the nation and the "nationalized property" taken from the Church, the *émigrés*, and the nobles behind them. In an effort to sustain their exchangeable value, the use of coin and the refusal of assignats was (September 5, 1793) made punishable by death, and the basis at which assignats should be receivable for most of the staple necessaries of life was arbitrarily fixed by law. They continued nevertheless to depreciate, and in 1796 three hundred francs of assignats were paid for one franc in silver. Their issue was then stopped, the plates from which they had been printed were destroyed and 1,167,000,000 francs in the hands of the Government were burned, in the hope that their value would be re-established. As these measures proved ineffective, the assignat was formally demonetized and (April 11, 1796) recourse was had to another form of paper currency called "mandats," one hundred francs of which when first issued would buy eighteen francs of silver. These also speedily declined and were shortly quoted at 100 to 1, and on May 21, 1797, all paper money was demonetized and people were allowed to use any medium of exchange they chose.

It will be noticed that up to this time there had been no formal repudiation of the national debt, except by making it payable in worthless assignats, but, as with the abandonment of paper currency the unpaid remnant of the debt became theoretically payable in gold or silver, the Directorate on September 30, 1797, arbitrarily reduced the face value of the obligations outstanding by one-third and made the remaining two-thirds "receivable for public property purchased" on the basis of prices that were fictitious. The result was that the recognized two-thirds fell to thirty per cent of its face value at issue and soon become worthless.

So the story ends. The arguments urged in favor of repudiation and paper money by the economists of the Revolutionary period are interesting and plausible, and there are many who still believe that the people of France were not guilty of any essential dishonesty in ridding themselves of the millstone of debt which the Bourbon kings had sought to hang round the neck of posterity. There is, it must be admitted, much force in the contention that there should be a court of bankruptcy open to the nation as well as to the individual. In every country the citizen who is overloaded may free himself of debts if he cannot pay, and make a fresh start. Why, it is asked, should the state, which is and always has been free to do many things in its own interest which would be considered immoral if attempted by the individual, persist in carrying a load imposed by mortmain that threatens to handicap the government in performing its duty toward the living and to posterity?

Most Americans of the present generation are unaware that these same arguments were urged in favor of repudiating our own National debt shortly after the war of the Confederacy, when the United States, having a population of 37,000,000, felt itself burdened with a bond issue of $2,500,000,000.

In the New York Public Library there is to be found a pamphlet entitled "Brief Reasons for Repudiation applicable to the War Debts of all Countries," by Isaac Butts, late editor of the Rochester, New York, "Daily Union and Advertiser." It was published in 1869 and quotes an editorial from the New York "Times" that appeared presumably during the Civil War.

This editorial, under the caption "Financial Fallacies," is curiously interesting just now. As this copy of the editorial is taken from Mr. Butts's pamphlet the italics are undoubtedly his. It says:

> The financial delusion which has brought the Confederacy into its present unhappy plight is one which is well worthy of our attention, inasmuch as it is one in which a large number of people at the North also are rather prone to indulge. It consists in the belief that a nation can pledge its *whole* property for the payment of a large debt, and that such a pledge is a good and substantial security. Nothing has been more common, *here as well as at the South*, than to see in print elaborate summings up of the value of the whole real and personal property of the citizens of the United States, followed by an assurance that this was the exact amount of the fund on which the Government was at liberty to draw for the expense of the war, or for any other undertaking that public liberty or security might require.
>
> Delusions of this sort would never gain currency in any community if people generally were in the habit of bringing their *common every-day sense* to the discussion of public affairs. But *they do nothing of the kind.* Nothing is more difficult than to get the mass of men to believe that the principles of human nature which regulate the conduct of individuals in the management of their private affairs, have any influence whatever on the conduct of large communities.

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Nobody has ever yet heard of all the stockholders in a bankrupt company voluntarily, and without compulsion, surrendering up all their private property for the payment of the debts of the corporation. Nobody believes for one moment that any corporation exists, or has ever existed in this country, the members of which are capable of any such act of self-sacrifice. If any one were to assure us gravely that if this city, for instance, had got so deeply in debt that it would not meet its bills, the citizens would sell their houses and goods, hand over the proceeds to the treasurer, and begin life anew, who would believe him? Who does not know perfectly well that they would let the municipality repudiate a dozen times over sooner than to submit to any such surrender of their property? We see every day proofs of the wideness of the interval which separates us from any such heights of public spirit. We have seen States here, *as well as in Europe*, refusing to submit even to the moderate amount of taxation necessary to pay sums which would not amount *to a mill per cent* of the value of their collective property. We know, moreover, that not one man in a hundred, in spite of the stigma attached by public opinion to non-payment of debts, would ever surrender *everything* he possesses to meet his just liabilities, if he were not compelled to do it by law.

And yet the supposition that either single States, or cities, or individuals should display this nice sense of honor would be natural, simple and ordinary, compared with the supposition that a whole *nation should hand over to its creditors even one-quarter of its possessions.* But nobody that lends money to a government is ever such a simpleton as *to suspect* anything of the kind. . . .

What a government is able to pledge for the redemption of any public debt, far from being the whole personal and real estate of the country, is simply a moderate percentage on the annual income realized from that real and personal estate. *More than this is sure, in the long run, to bring bankruptcy and repudiation on any country in the world.* If the percentage becomes very large, it diminishes production and drives capital abroad; if it threatens the whole income, it stops production and produces public bankruptcy and general poverty. What would happen if it got to the point of touching the capital itself it is impossible to assert positively, because no such thing has ever happened. But we can guess what would happen with tolerable accuracy. The people would tell their creditors that they were very sorry to disappoint them, *but that nothing was further from their thoughts than to pledge themselves and their families into beggary in order to pay them.*

This editorial was quoted by Mr. Butts in 1869 in support of his contention that the war debt of the United States should be repudiated.

Part of his argument is so apposite to the present situation in Europe that it is worth reprinting. He said:

The public debt is, say, $2,500,000,000. The average price per day for unskilled labor in this country when the currency was in sound condition, taking the whole year into account, was about one dollar. Calling from twenty to sixty years of age the effective labor period of man, and taking the English census returns for authority for the fact that one-half of the number of men who reach twenty years live to be sixty (in England 54 per cent; here the average is something less), we have the principal data for a very interesting calculation. On this basis twenty years constitutes the average working life of all men who attain to adult age. The average number of days' work per man, allowing for casualties, sickness, weather, holidays, rest, etc., is estimated at 250 a year. The annual charge for interest on our debt is officially stated in round numbers at $130,000,000. On the authority of Messrs. Wells and Clarke (Commissioners of Revenue) add an equal sum for frauds and cost of collection, and we have $260,000,000 a year. This sum, on the basis of the above figures, is equivalent to the same number of days' work. Taking 5,000 days as the average total working days of laboring men (20 years of 250 working days each), and that sum is equivalent to the life wages of 52,000 men. In other words, the lives of 52,000 men are virtually sacrificed every year on the altar of this golden Moloch.

According to high authority, "the clear net earnings of the workingmen" average only fifty dollars a year in this era of high wages and higher prices. Thus the annual interest on our National debt is equal to the clear net earnings of *two millions six hundred thousand* workingmen in constant employment. Adding waste and cost of collecting the interest, it is equal to the clear net earnings of 5,200,000 workingmen. The debt as it stands to-day is equal to the clear net earnings of fifty millions of workingmen for a full year. Double it by adding expenses, etc., and it would require the net earnings for one hundred millions of workingmen for a year to pay it. And, as explained above, if the whole debt should be finally paid after having run an average of twenty-four years, in which (compounded annually at six per cent) it would have doubled twice, the payment with interest would be equal to the net earnings of eight hundred millions of workingmen for one year. What is war in respect to its cost in human life in comparison with this? Are the claims of the bondholder upon the net earnings of the workingmen so much more sacred than the rights of the workingmen to their own net

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earnings that they should voluntarily hand them all over to him but a paltry fifty dollars a year? The workingmen can do as they like. They can vote off these oppressive taxes if they will. They can keep their earnings, or allow them to be confiscated for the benefit of "paid hirelings" and the owners of usurious bonds. Let them decide what they will do. It is for them a perfectly proper and legitimate inquiry; if the faith of the Government, or even the Government itself, can be preserved only at the cost of such sacrifices on our part, is it our duty to preserve it? Indeed, such inquiry may at all times be properly made by any candid and patriotic citizen.

Space has been given to these bits of ancient history because they afford some clue as to the probable action of the 350,000,000 people of Europe, who, at the end of the present struggle, will find themselves burdened with a debt of about forty-two billion dollars *if the war lasts only a year.*

The American people, who less than fifty years ago were seriously considering the repudiation of a debt of only two and one-half billions, numbered 37,000,000, but they inhabited a marvelously rich country and were multiplying at the rate of about three per cent per annum.

Fortunately, they have been able to pay three-fifths of the National debt outstanding in 1869, and the credit of the United States is now higher than that of any other government in the world.

In Europe the per capita indebtedness, if the war lasts only a year, will be nearly double that of the United States in 1869, and the average intelligence and wealth of the people is much lower.

Can they support the burden of the debt now being created?

If they cannot, what will be the effect upon the world, and upon America in particular?

It is to be borne in mind that if repudiation or default should take place there would be no destruction of accumulated wealth. The stock of productive or unproductive things that a nation owns is not diminished if it fails to meet its obligations. No one can sue a sovereign state without its voluntary acquiescence. Non-payment of a national debt simply means that a certain portion of the world's population is freed from the compulsion of being made to turn over part of its earnings to another portion who are thereby enabled to live with less effort. In this view of the matter default would not be an unmixed evil. The result would probably be higher wages for the working classes and increased cost of production in Europe, so that America would have less to fear from the competition of transatlantic industry.

The default, if it occurs, will probably come about in much the same way as in the French Revolution. Fiat currency will be issued. It will be made a legal tender in payment of public and private debts, and will gradually depreciate in value so that the debt, instead of being amortized by direct taxation, will be absorbed in the diminished purchasing power of the money in use.

This process has, in fact, already commenced. Gold is at a premium of about 13 per cent in Germany, 11 per cent in Italy, 5 per cent in France, and, although specie payment is nominally maintained in England, the price of sterling exchange in New York means that it costs about 1½ per cent to convert British bank credits into gold.

The result of inflation in the countries adopting it is always to advance the cost of commodities, whether reckoned in terms of gold or of the inflated medium. It seems probable, therefore, that, in addition to the higher wages that will prevail as a result of the European inflation presently existing and in prospect, higher prices for commodities will also be established, and the second reason for American fear of European industrial competition will be thereby eliminated.

Viewed from a National standpoint that is entirely selfish, European inflation or default would be immensely advantageous to this country, for it would give us command of all the investment capital that sought safety rather than high rates of interest, and the cost of financing business would be lower in the United States than anywhere else in the world.

Of course the dislocation in the market for foreign exchange that would follow any general fear that the obligations of the European governments were no longer a safe basis of credit would be more or less of a shock, but it would be temporary and might hasten the end of the war.

For their ability to continue fighting the belligerents are now largely dependent upon the things they can buy in the Western Hemisphere. For these things they can pay only by the negotiation of loans in this country. If they further deplete their supply of gold, their whole credit fabric will topple. If, on the other hand, American bankers and investors conclude that European promises to

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pay are no longer to be relied upon, European ability to buy here will be at an end and the war will stop.

The word "repudiation" is properly so repugnant to American ears, and connotes so much that we have been taught to abhor, that when first heard in connection with even the most onerous obligation it is likely to shock us. The present war seems likely, however, to shatter many traditions and ideals of the past, and it is just as well that we should study the possible effect of economic conditions for which there are no precedents.

RUSSIA AFTER THE WAR

III—THE CHANCES OF REVOLUTION

BY GEORGE KENNAN

JUST before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War Prince Meshcherski, a prominent conservative journalist of St. Petersburg, published in the "Grazhdanin" a leading editorial in which he said:

"Have we any reason to expect that the war will have the effect of a beneficial thunder-storm in clearing the air and making possible a new and better future for Russia? I doubt it very much, because such a war will stop the regeneration of Russia's internal life, which the people now expect. This may not be noticed at first in the temporary exaltation of spirit that war causes, but afterward, no matter how brilliant the results obtained, there will come a reaction and an economic decline that will lower the national spirit more than war. Then all the rivulets of depression and dissatisfaction will unite."

The prophecy of Prince Meshcherski was completely fulfilled after the Russo-Japanese War, and there is good reason to believe that if a similar prophecy be made now it will be fulfilled at the end of the present war. All the causes of popular dissatisfaction that existed in 1904 were still in existence in 1914, and, although "in the temporary exaltation of spirit that war causes" they have ceased to be operative, they are merely dormant, and when the war ends, "no matter how brilliant the results obtained," "all the rivulets of dissatisfaction" seem likely to unite again in a revolutionary flood.

The Government might possibly dry up the rivulets and avert the flood by giving timely notice of an intention to substitute a reign of law for a reign of bureaucratic license, and by taking at least a step—as an evidence of good faith—in the direction of liberal reform; but it has shown, thus far, no disposition to remove the causes of dissatisfaction or to placate the public opinion which will certainly reassert itself in a hostile way when the war ends. On the contrary, it has made the war an excuse for increasing the severity of its oppression. Martial law has been greatly extended; the discretionary power of the bureaucracy has been further increased; legislation by ukase, regardless of the Duma, has become almost a settled practice; the censorship of the press is more severe and capricious than ever; and there is no relaxation of the pressure on Finns, Jews, Socialists, and religious dissenters. Everywhere there is administrative license and bureaucratic control. The Russian people protested against these evils at the end of the Turkish War, and again at the end of the Japanese War; and in each case, when their protests were unheeded, they resorted to violence. Is there any good reason to suppose that at the end of the present war they will not proceed in the same way? Assuming, then, the possibility, if not the probability, of a revolutionary movement, what are the chances of its success? These will depend upon: (1) its aims; (2) its support; and (3) its leadership.

1. The failure of the revolutionary movement of 1905–6 was largely, if not mainly, due to the multiplicity of its aims. Its leaders—if it can be said to have had any leaders—tried to do too many things at once. Every class of the dissatisfied population had interests and grievances that were peculiarly its own, and all classes urged their claims simultaneously, without any reference to the movement as a whole. The peasants were most

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interested in the agrarian question, and they naturally clamored for more land; the factory operatives and railway men wanted better industrial conditions, and asked for an eight-hour day, the restriction of capital, and universal suffrage; the Social Democrats demanded a virtual reorganization of society, on wholly impracticable lines, with a democratic republic, laws to protect the proletariat, and the substitution of a national militia for the police; and even the Constitutional Democrats, the most reasonable and moderate of the radicals, insisted on political amnesty, the abolition of capital punishment, and a scheme of agrarian reform which might have deprived the landed proprietors of half their property.

Now if the Russian people had ever had any practical experience—if they had ever been free to try things out—they would have known that their most urgent needs were a constitutional limitation of the autocracy and a representative assembly endowed with real power. These were the fundamentals, and upon these all classes should have united. Just as soon as they tried to get everything at once they lost cohesion and solidarity. A majority of the landed gentry—possibly all of them—would have supported the demand for a constitutional form of government and a representative assembly elected by properly qualified voters; but when they found that a successful revolution was likely to result in universal suffrage and the loss of half their land they very naturally took the side of the Czar. The capitalists and great employers of labor, who had economic interests of their own, would have favored, perhaps, a moderate political readjustment; but they were not ready for such radical economic readjustments as those involved in Socialism, anti-capitalism, and an eight-hour day. So they too took the side of the Government. Finally, the men of moderate and conservative opinions in many other classes became frightened by the threatened overturn of all existing institutions, and withheld the support which they would have given heartily to a movement for purely political reforms.

At one time the revolutionary movement seemed to be really national in its scope, and ninety per cent of the entire population would have supported a demand for a change in the framework of the government; but that time passed when the malcontents who seemed to be at the head of the movement insisted upon political reforms, economic reforms, social reforms, and agrarian reforms, all of the most sweeping character, and all to be brought about immediately. The Caucasian mountaineers say, proverbially, "You can't pick up six watermelons with one hand at the same time." Neither can you get everything that you want by a single effort. Take the most important thing first, and make sure of that; then you can perhaps acquire the other desirable things later.

If the next revolutionary movement is to succeed, its leaders must confine themselves to a demand for a few fundamental reforms that are absolutely essential, and that at the same time are probably obtainable. Russians know better than I do what these reforms ought to be; but they should comprise, I think, a constitutional limitation of the power of the Czar; absolute prohibition of martial law in time of peace; and such a change in the election laws as may be needed to deprive the landed proprietors, the nobility, and the clergy of the overwhelming predominance that they now have in the electoral colleges and the Duma. These reforms alone, if secured, would materially change the framework of the government by weakening the monarch, strengthening the Duma, and re-establishing the supremacy of the civil law. Then it would be possible, and might be expedient, to discuss social reforms, economic reforms, agrarian reforms, universal suffrage, an eight-hour day, and all the other social betterments that the revolutionists of 1905–6 vainly tried to get in a single swoop.

2. No revolutionary movement can possibly succeed in Russia without the support of the army. It may have in its ranks nineteen-twentieths of the whole civilian population, but without military support it can accomplish nothing. A century ago a mob of a hundred thousand men, armed only with such weapons as they could make or hurriedly get together, might dominate the capital of a country and intimidate its monarch; but that time has forever passed. In these days of magazine rifles, rapid-fire artillery, and machine guns unarmed multitudes do not count for much; and a monarch who is ruthless, who has the support of the army, and who controls the whole available supply of weapons can defy the nation to overthrow him. The revolutionists of 1905–6 fought bravely in Moscow, where they made their last determined stand; but when the Government troops destroyed houses and barricades with field artillery and swept the

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streets with a hail of projectiles from machine guns, there was nothing to do but submit.

Theoretically, the Russian army ought to be in sympathy with the people, because it is constantly recruited from the people; but experience has shown that, although such sympathy may exist in the ranks, it is not shared to any great extent by the officers; and even in the ranks it is not always strong enough to overcome the inherited dread of authority and the sense of sacred obligation imposed upon the soldiers by their solemn oath of service. Under the lead of revolting officers, they too might revolt, regardless of their oath; but alone they are more or less afraid, and without military leadership it is extremely difficult for them to combine in such a way as to insure general and concerted action. A single well-known officer of high rank—such a man, for example, as General Skobelef—might carry the whole army with him in a revolutionary movement; but in previous uprisings no general officer of ability and prestige has ever turned against the Czar and assumed the leadership of the troops and the people. In the revolutionary movement of 1905–6 there were revolts in both the army and the navy—at Cronstadt, for example, and on the war-ships of the Black Sea fleet—but they were headed by men of subordinate rank who were little known outside of their regiments or their ships. All of the higher officers in both services supported the Government.

For these and other reasons the attitude which the army will take after the war is extremely problematical. The chances, however, seem to be that a large majority of the officers and a controlling minority of the soldiers will remain loyal to the Crown.

3. All revolutionary movements in Russia in recent years have suffered from lack of competent leadership. No man of commanding ability and national reputation has ever, at any time, come to the front and assumed the leadership of the revolutionary forces. In 1905–6 there were in the ranks of the liberals many men of courage and ability; but none of them seems to have influenced in any decisive way the course of events. As the great Russian singer Shaliapin has said, the movement resembled "a performance of grand opera by a troupe which was perfectly competent, but which was without a conductor and had never had a rehearsal." At the most critical period in the struggle what little direction there was centered in the Council of Workingmen's Deputies—a body no more competent to deal with the situation than a council of Belgian labor unions would have been to deal with the German invasion. From the beginning of the struggle to the end there was no unified direction and no "team work." The revolutionists in many places got the upper hand, and established half a dozen petty "republics" from Novorossisk to Vladivostok; but they were incapable of general concerted action, and as soon as the Government recovered from the paralyzing shock of the universal political strike it was able to attack the leaderless cohorts of the revolution separately and crush them in detail. If a general revolutionary movement shall begin at the end of the present war, its success will largely depend upon concentration of purpose, military support, and competent leadership.

The ultimate triumph of Russia and her Allies, which now seems to be fairly certain, will make the Grand Duke Nicholas the most influential if not the most powerful man in the Empire. If he should demand any reasonable change in the framework of the government, and should enforce such demand with the military power that he could unquestionably control, he might compel the Czar and "the spheres" to submit. Unfortunately, however, the Commander-in-Chief of the armies has shown no sympathy as yet with the aims and aspirations of the people, and he is likely to regard the extension and aggrandizement of the Empire as far more important than the education, progress, and self-government of the nation. In order to guide and control the emancipating forces in Russia, a Grand Duke or a monarch must have, not only power, but foresight, imagination, patience, and steadfast faith in the patriotism and trustworthiness of the masses. He must be able to see clearly that the future greatness of Russia lies not in territorial expansion or augmentation of military strength, but in the full development of the mental, moral, and economic capabilities of a free people.

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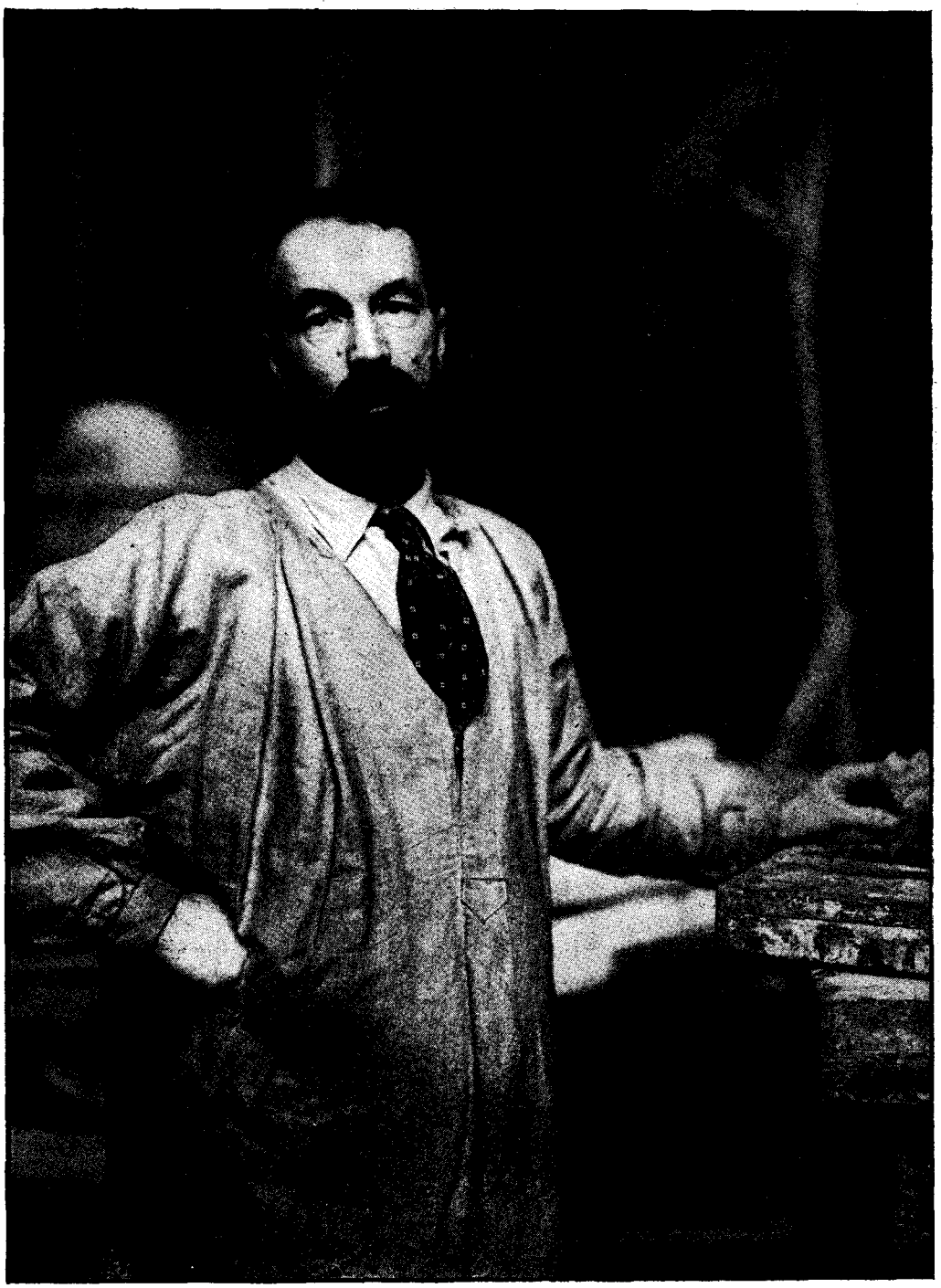
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR

An account of the life of this remarkable man, who died by accident in New York lately, was given in The Outlook for April 21

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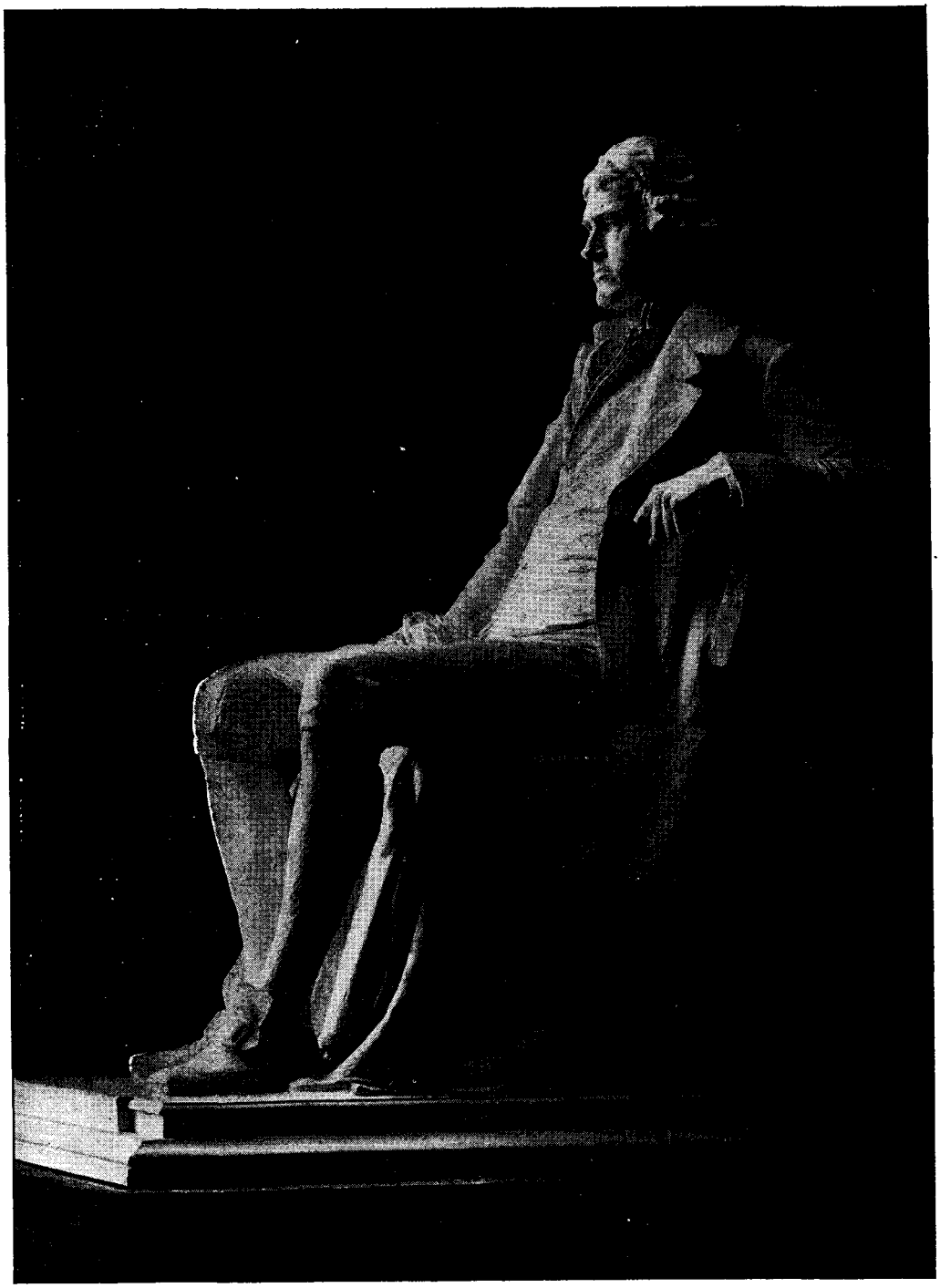

STATUE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, BY KARL BITTER

This statue was unveiled at the University of Virginia a few days ago. The sculptor had expected to be present at the ceremonies

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRIS & EWING

CHARLES C. GLOVER
President of the Riggs National Bank

JOHN S. WILLIAMS
Comptroller of the Currency

WILLIAM G. McADOO
Secretary of the Treasury

LEADING FIGURES IN THE RIGGS NATIONAL BANK CONTROVERSY

See editorial pages for an account of this dispute between the bank's officials and those of the Government

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PADEREWSKI, THE FAMOUS POLISH PIANIST, AND HIS WIFE

M. Paderewski is visiting America, not, as on former occasions, in the interests of his profession, but for the purpose of organizing in all the chief cities "Polish Victims Relief Committees." He will appeal through these agencies to "the most generous people in the world" to help his compatriots who have been desolated by the war throughout a district "seven times as great as that of Belgium"

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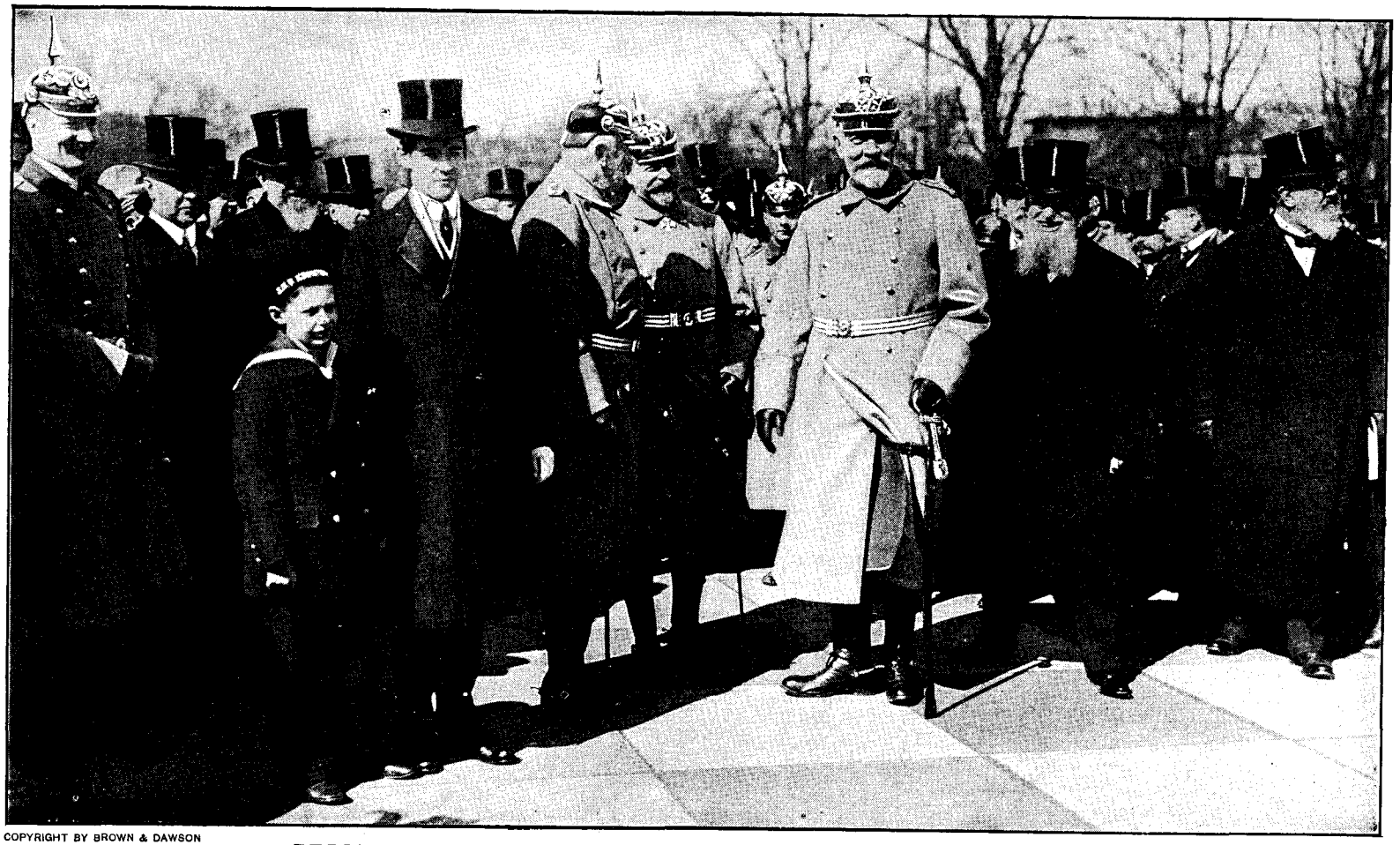

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BERLIN CELEBRATES THE CENTENNIAL OF BISMARCK'S BIRTH

This picture, made just at the close of the public ceremonies near the Bismarck statue, shows (left to right): Prince Wilhelm (in sailor suit), son of the Crown Prince; he appeared as the representative of the Royal Family; Prince Otto von Bismarck (in high hat), descendant of Bismarck; General von Kessel (face turned away), Commander of Berlin; next to officer in center (name unknown) is Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg (with sword in hand); next to the right is Herr Johann Kaempf, President of the Reichstag; at the extreme right, looking away, is the President of the House of Deputies

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CHEERFUL CONVALESCENTS IN A FRENCH MILITARY HOSPITAL

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A POPULAR MAYOR

Mayor Mitchel, of New York City, besides the work entailed by his official duties, has to meet endless demands upon his time as an honored guest at all sorts of meetings, ceremonies, and celebrations. He is shown above at the opening of the baseball season, in the game beween the "Giants" and "Dodgers," in the act of "throwing in the ball"

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THE CHURCH OF THE LEAN LAND

THE SECOND ARTICLE IN A SERIES ON THE COUNTRY CHURCH

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE AND ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

IT is usually forgotten that, though the boy in Æsop's fable kept crying, "Wolf!" wolf!" when there was no wolf, a time came when the beast was on hand to justify him. The false alarm of the death of the country church has been sounded many times, and yet in the parts of the country where there is needless poverty—in northern Wisconsin and Michigan where the forests have been cut away and the people have not been led into the new agriculture; in New England where the farmers ignore the demand for specialized production; in the South where landlordism has survived the shock of the Civil War; wherever the people are victimized by outworn agricultural traditions and the churches preach helpless resignation—there the people, leaderless and without a vision, go tragically to waste, the congregations dwindle away, and abandoned church buildings stand like forgotten kitchenmiddens of religious effort.

Last fall we visited the lower edges of the Catskills, where the original tide of settlers, rising slowly through the fertile valleys and sheltered pockets of the hills, spread to the higher levels where the timber grows sparse and ragged, the soil lies thin upon the rocks, and the starved crops seem to have starved the minds of those who for generations have tried to cultivate them. The people practice the same primitive agriculture their fathers knew—an agriculture innocent of modern machinery and indifferent to markets, which makes its little profit through such eggs as imperfectly understood hens may choose to lay and the untiring efforts of the cow.

We stopped at a farm-house one day to ask for water. A gentle, decrepit man led us to the well; his sick wife dragged herself to the kitchen door, invited us in, and sorted out some pears for us.

"And so you live down to York City!" she said with mild animation. "I haven't never been that far; never got on a railway car. We did drive down to Kingston once, but that must 'a' been twenty year ago. Cows want to be milked regular twice every last day. Last year I made fifty dollars off my eggs and butter."

From the look of their fields there was no evidence that they had any income beyond this. Since their youth she and her man had been marooned on the top of the mountain. Sometimes, if they were sick, they saw the doctor, but the minister almost never. It was so long since they had been to church that they could "hardly blame him." Folks didn't go to church the way they used to; times had changed, and folks didn't seem to mind the devil any more; so what was there for the minister to preach about?

On Sunday we went to the village church which they had ceased to attend. Sunday-school was still in session. From behind a curtained partition at one side of the straight-pewed church the voice of the teacher rang out:

"And what is it the lesson teaches us, children?"

There was only silence.

Then the voice:

"It teaches us that we should always be content. If Mary had been satisfied to stay at home and help her mother instead of running away to play with the boys, she wouldn't have fallen in the brook and 'most been drowned. It is a sin to be dissatisfied with our lot and strive for things God never meant we should have. Now altogether, let us spell the word so that we won't forget the lesson."

And following their teacher in halting chorus, the children pronounced the letters:

"C-o-n-t-e-n-t!"

After Sunday-school came the sermon, a long, rhetorical, wandering discourse on the virtues of patience and Christian resignation.

"Whatever things you have need of," said the minister, "having faith, they shall in time be given unto you. Consider the sewing-machine. When the time came that the people needed the sewing-machine, the sewing-machine came"—the moral which he drew from this apparently being that, the less people tried to do for themselves, the less they would risk their chances of salvation.

Now it is precisely this doctrine of passive resignation to things as they are that has kept our pleasant old couple marooned—lonely and poor—on their mountain, and has blighted that whole countryside.

It is a good fruit country, but the farmers will tell you that "it don't pay to raise fruit,"

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MEN WHO ARE CARRYING THE GOSPEL OF THE "NEW REFORMATION" INTO THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

The Rev. Mr. Mayo and the Rev. Mr. Ellis, whose work is described in the article, stand second and third from the left. The sitting figure in the center is the late Bishop Neve. In the front row at the extreme right is the Rev. Mr. Mason, of Shifflet's Hollow

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though hardly fifteen miles away trains thunder by toward Boston, New York, and Philadelphia loaded with apples from the Pacific coast. It is a good dairying country, but it is the rarest thing in the world to see anything but scrub cattle there. The farmers say that the breeds that were good enough for their fathers are good enough for them, and that it doesn't pay to raise much butter, anyway. And yet train-loads of butter from Iowa and Wisconsin, and farther West still, pass by every day to the hungry and high-priced metropolitan markets.

The one constructive piece of work accomplished in that community for a generation was the suppression of the saloons, but nothing was done to divert—to "sublimate," as the Freudians say—the repressed energy of the people into vital activities. Deprived of alcohol and given no wholesome substitute, the people, so the village doctor told us, are drifting into secret drug habits; a large part of his practice he traced to "dope," and to the "fancy house" that does a flourishing business down the State road. There is such bickering dissension over trifles that no enterprise that requires co-operation, either religious, social, or economic, can thrive. Barn-burning is a favorite form of recrimination. Votes are sold as a matter of course—two dollars apiece. And the churches which, in the face of the poverty that is responsible for most of these evils, preach content and point to the stars are in the throes of a lingering death which they seem well to deserve. We saw one that had been converted into an artist's studio, one that was used as a barn, another was being torn down for the lumber that was in it, and all along the clayey, uneven roads they are rotting away in their little circles of gravestones.

It is the country churches themselves which have laid the foundations for their own death during the decades when they tried to teach the people, not to be well and wise and prosperous and happy and good, but merely to be religious. For generations they have tried to induce piety by ignoring poverty and suppressing amusement.

Mr. A. M. Jones, who thirty years ago traveled as a colporter for the American Bible Society, tells how in a three days' journey he visited one hundred families, twenty-five per cent of whom were in absolute destitution, and yet his only comment on this fact is to reproach a man who said that "the people have already more Bibles than they have meat and bread." Mr. Jones complains of the roads, which are so bad that the people have an excuse for not going to church, but he ignores the fact that they are also kept from marketing whatever they may raise. There is not an amusement they have that he does not berate.

Mr. Jones was trying to suppress the circus and dancing as the churches of the Catskills had suppressed the saloons—preaching a religion of "Thou-shalt-nots." A strange amorphic citizenship this sort of doctrine aims to produce—a people whose goodness consists of not doing things. But there is evidently some latent strength in human nature that protects it, and such doctrine tends to destroy itself.

Last April we went south to where the Blue Ridge is disintegrating into great crawling piles of refuse stone. Only vegetation that fights for itself can live upon such undigested rocks, and the hills are given over to a vagabond growth of half-starved trees and shrubs used to living on little, and known as the "bresh." This is the country of moonshine whisky; a dangerous neighborhood, according to the story-tellers, but which to the mere journeyer through seems only pitifully poor. To make a road here is a simple matter: remove the heaviest of the "bresh" from the mountain-side and trust to the remote possibility of travel for the rest. We rode hours before we came to the first house, and then we pulled up our little rough mountain mare and stopped, wondering.

It was a cabin built of logs, the space between being plastered with yellow mud. There was a chimney of piled stones, two windows, and a door. A worn log lay across the mountain stream that whirled between it and the road—a moat easy to defend. There was a little cleared space around it where discouraged vegetables forced themselves up between the stones, and beside it was a fenced field containing four thin hogs and a long-haired mongrel cow. A man leaning against the shady side of the cabin responded limply to our "Good-morning," a barefooted woman slipped inside the door, and some frightened children hid in the bushes. Though they had room and sunshine and air, their poverty was as abject as any in the city tenements.

We passed many more of these cabins. Some were made of sawed lumber instead of logs, a few had once been painted, but they were all of one baking. These people of the

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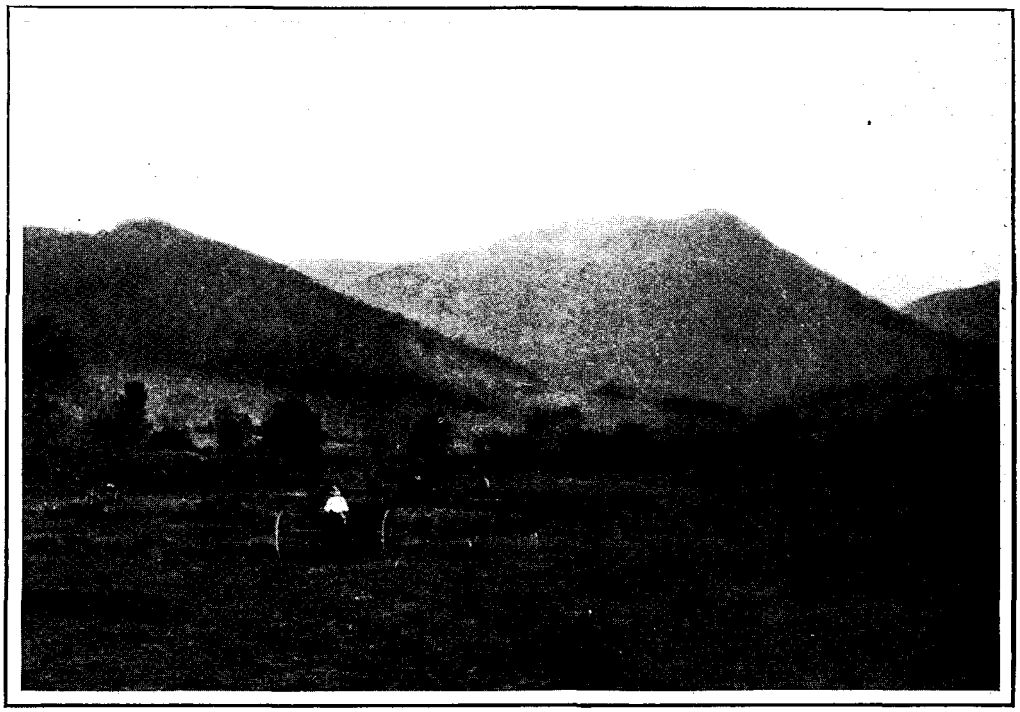

ONE OF THE MORE FERTILE FARMS OF THE BLUE RIDGE
(The Rev. Mr. Mayo on the hay-rake)

"SHIFFLET'S HOLLOW," AMONG THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS

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THE LAUNDRY CLASS IN A CHURCH SCHOOL IN THE BLUE RIDGE
(Blue Ridge Industrial School)

A PROGRESSIVE PASTOR OF THE BLUE RIDGE WITH HIS FLOCK

SOME OF ITS PEOPLE

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"bresh" have no money, education, amusements, or society. They raise a little food; the men hunt in the hills for rabbits and squirrels. When there is work to be done on the railway or in the harvest fields at the bottom of the valley, they go down and do it. The wages they get vary from fifty cents to a dollar and a quarter a day. There is no good timber for them to cut, the cleared land is not suited to profitable agriculture, the water power is not sufficient for manufacture, no valuable ore has been discovered in the hills.

Is there no hope, then, for the church of the lean land?

When, at the beginning of last summer, the train dropped us at the cinder-path that the time-table calls "Yancey, Va.," we saw what might have been as desolate a country as any east of the Great Desert if it were not for a cluster of buildings up toward the mountain, which is an inspiring and enduring monument to the power of the country church for leadership once it resolves to approach the problem of the lean land in a thoroughly modern spirit—to seek salvation through this world, not by dodging around it.

From the cinder-path we went up to the house where the Rev. Mr. Ellis and his wife and three school-teachers, and Lulu, who came down from the mountain to make pets of the ducks and help with the housekeeping, have created a center of "moral dynamics." When Mr. Ellis was assigned to the West Blue Ridge district in 1905, instead of going about his work in the traditional way—holding revival meetings, whipping the morbid emotions of the people up to a frenzy, collecting all the money that a hurricane of emotional excitement brings to the surface even in districts so poor as this, building another church, and then leaving it to follow its predecessors to ruin—he mapped out a long-term programme to develop the latent possibilities of the people. He found that his mountain parishioners were of American stock, and that the governing factor of their health, their education, and their citizenship was poverty. This had to be dealt with in two ways: first, by developing whatever resources were latent in the hills; and, second, by fitting the population which the land could not support in decency for life in a more fertile section, and then transporting them to it.

Their ignorance is perhaps the most obvious result of their poverty. There are no signs at any of the crossroads to tell directions. Again and again we lost our way in the hills; but what good are signs when forty per cent of the grown people cannot read, and there are no compulsory education laws? Must not the Church instruct a man before encouraging him to go out into a world where even to get a job he must be able to read the "want ads" in the morning paper? Else she will merely transfer him from the starving loneliness of the hills to the starving congestion of the bread line.

When Mr. Ellis came to Yancey, the only building in sight besides the country store was a little one-room school-house, which was open for a five-month term and had an average attendance of fifteen scholars. The school board insisted that, as the mountain children wouldn't go to school, anyway, it was useless to provide them with anything better. But Mr. Ellis believed that if the school were good the children would attend. So with church money he built a small frame building which was church and school and social center all in one, hired a teacher, and went about explaining to the shy mountaineers that the new free school was for them and their children. The class opened a little larger than the public school had been, and went up to between eighty and ninety pupils. Mr. Ellis succeeded in hitching it up with the public school system of the State by providing with church money a modern three-room building with bunched windows and the most approved methods of lighting, heating, and sanitation. It is graded now from the kindergarten through the eighth grade, and three teachers as well as Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are constantly busy there.

It is through the school that he is trying to develop the co-operation that must precede any prosperity in this lean land. Imagine a child with no playmates outside its own family, born of parents who had had no children to play with, and whose grandparents were solitary, put into a school with eighty other children. At recess turn it into a big cleared space and teach it to play "tap rabbit," a game which cannot be won by individual prowess or speed or intelligence, but only by the co-operation of all the children on each side. Such a socializing is begun, such a welding of the people into larger units than the family, as has not taken place for four generations, and the importance to economic and ethical prosperity cannot be exaggerated.

It is hard to make the teaching of this school, and the classes for older people that have been organized in connection with it,

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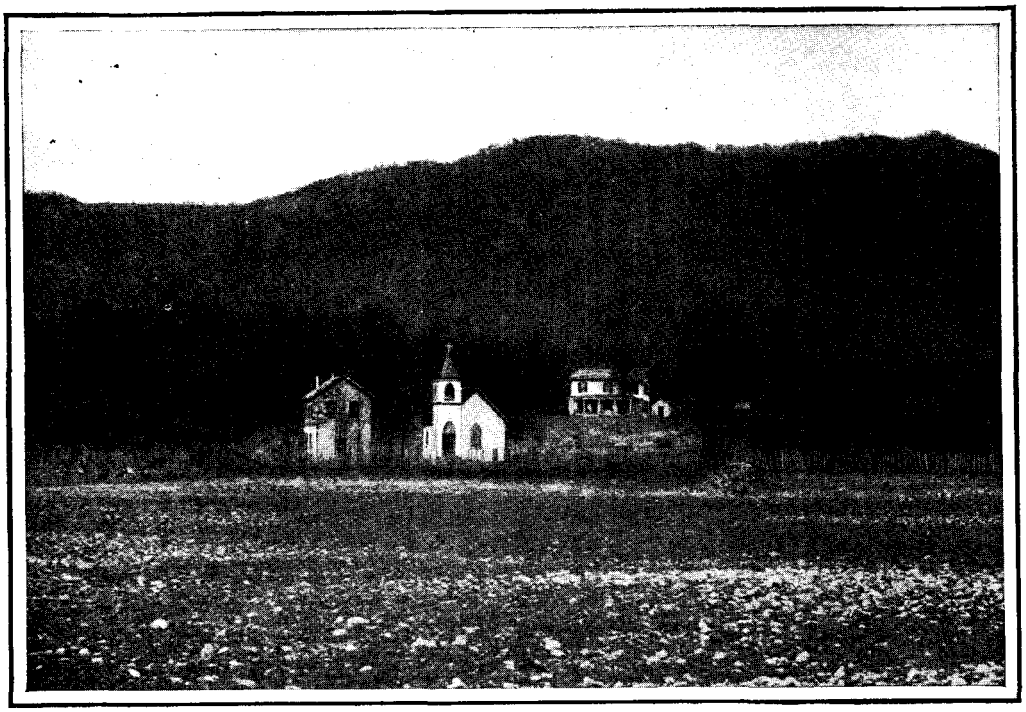
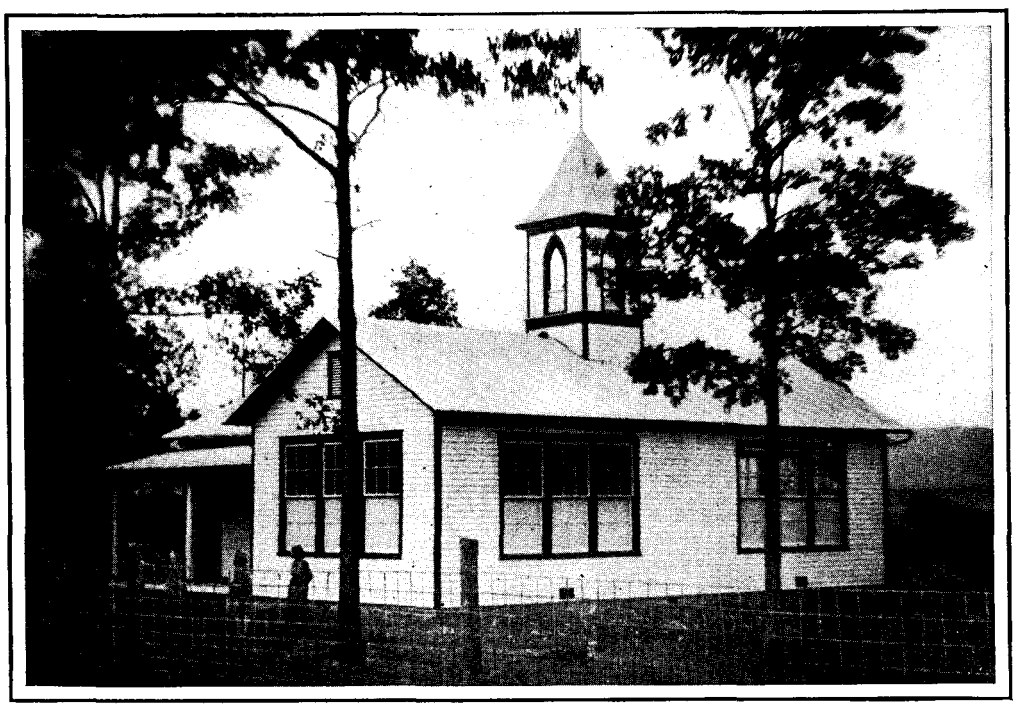


A NEW CHURCH OF THE LEAN LAND, WITH ITS ENVIRONMENT

This church, with the school below, is described as "an inspiring and enduring monument to the power of the country church for leadership." See page 992



A MODERN SCHOOL-HOUSE BUILT WITH CHURCH MONEY IN THE LEAN LAND

"It is through the school that he is trying to develop the co-operation that must precede any prosperity in this lean land." See page 992

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sound as revolutionary as they really are. A sewing class established in New York City is not epoch-making, but the one Mrs. Ellis has organized at Yancey does in little all that the needle has done for the race as a whole. The women of these parts wear ordinarily two garments—a sunbonnet and a calico wrapper. The men wear three—trousers, shirt, and hat. In the prejudiced civilization of the outer world such costuming is apt to be misunderstood. Here the charity that satisfies itself with contributing its old clothes to the poor has a real place in showing the people what clothes are current outside. At Yancey, as well as at other church stations in the mountains, we were told of the amazement of the women when their children came home from school wearing underclothing. What was it for? Why did people wear it? What! wear it every day? Shoes they could understand—it was merely a question of having money to buy them—but why stockings? Much of the slow development that the race went through in changing from a naked, forest-roving animal to a clothed human has to be rushed through for the people of the hills before they reach a sartorial stage sufficiently elaborate for outside communities. The Church is not only saying to them, "Be ye clothed in righteousness," but also, "Be ye sufficiently dressed in cotton and wool."

Teaching the girls to cook is quite as important and quite as revolutionary as teaching them to sew. The present diet of the people—perpetual greasy pork and uninterrupted corn pone—does not tend to longevity. In fact, the young people whom we saw were old and the old people were dead. And, besides, a girl who can sew and cook can at least make her living when she goes out of the hills.

And many of them must go out of the hills if any of them are to prosper. To prepare them for outside life is no fancied need. The cotton manufacturers into whose employ most of them go after their exodus realize this and are willing to co-operate with the church in the work.

Mr. Lewis W. Parker, president of the largest cotton-mill in the world, says:

"As a general rule our employees have been gathered from remote communities. . . . The mills have recognized the advantages accruing to them from the elevation of their employees. They have recognized the Christian denominations as the most beneficent means of this elevation; and we therefore find with few exceptions that in the organization of any mill village provision is made for churches at the same time that the mill building itself is constructed."

In this work of practical education Yancey and the other outposts of the new dispensation to the hills, which are all laced together with long loops of telephone wire, co-operate so far as the great distances and the hardly passable roads will let them. But particularly they co-operate in solving the problems of health, and of sanitation and overcrowding that are bound up with it. In many of the remoter districts the Church is serving the people, not through chapels, but through tiny hospitals and trained nurses. In Blackwell's Hollow the Episcopal Church has built an emergency hospital and supports a trained nurse. In Swift Run Gap is another. One of the mountain men, who was overtaken on the road by a party "riding the mountain," said:

"Do you see that house? That is where they take people in and take care of them whenever they have anything like fever or such. They have a regular sort of woman doctor there; they tell me there ain't nothing she don't know or can't do, and she teached all the men folks and women folks who will come."

Farther over is another outpost from which the resident reporting to the archdeacon tells not only about the religious state of the neighboring souls, but about a diphtheria quarantine she has been carrying on. Another says:

"I am having weekly talks about the body and the care of it, and am trying to convince the pupils that fresh air, soap, and water are really not harmful even in cold weather. After Christmas I hope to get up to High Top and give the same talks there."

The report from Pecosan says:

"Those who have been perfectly content to live with a family of ten or twelve in tiny log cabins are beginning to realize that it is neither necessary nor best to live in that manner. Some have moved out of the cabins into nice, well-built cottages, others are building additions to their homes, and everywhere one notices the desire to get little things with which to make the home more comfortable, such as windows, chairs, carpets. One woman told me, with a great deal of pride, that she and her children had cracked out and sold enough walnut kernels this fall to buy a carpet. All this is very gratifying

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because the patient endurance of all kinds of hardships and poverty, without any desire to live differently, has always seemed to me the worst characteristic of the mountain people."

It is hard to remember that this is the *main body* of the report of the *religious* work of the church.

We circled some sixteen miles back through the hills from Yancey, and found the tiny missions establishing schools and hospitals and stores and clubs—often before they built chapels. At Mission Home the Rev. Mr. Mason is trying to develop a vinegar factory which will utilize the small mountain fruit; at Dyke the Rev. Mr. Mayo has established an industrial school where the boys are taught farming, woodwork, and other occupations, and the girls gardening, sewing, and domestic science. Down in Bacon's Hollow the pupils of Deaconess Lawrence—little mountain girls with wind-blown hair and faces like flowers—climbed up on the school platform one after another, took the school doll in their arms, and recited for us verses about cleanliness and feeding and air and light and sleep, and the care of babies generally.

Already the cloud of poverty and ignorance and disease is lifting a little from the Blue Ridge, and the church to which this improvement is due is prospering in consequence. On the Sunday which we spent at Yancey the windows of heaven were opened very wide indeed. The rain turned the country roads into quick-moving streams. But down each little path that faded back into the "bresh" came people picking their way toward the chapel. Young and old they came for Sunday-school and stayed for church, and in the evening they came again. Nearly every family for miles around was represented. One young boy walked ten miles through the mud twice that day rather than miss either service. The little brown chapel was filled to the doors. Mr. Ellis preached about the miracle of transforming the water into wine.

"Why," he asked, "did Jesus ask the servants to fill the empty pots with water? Would it not have been just as easy for him to fill them with wine? Of course; but that was not Christ's way. He wanted the people to co-operate. God does not mean that his people should stand idle. And so we must learn to co-operate; co-operate in working the fields, in building the roads, in supporting the church and the school. And if we do that—all working together in the interest of one another and our neighbors—a miracle will come to pass here too, and poverty will be converted into abundance."

And he went on to say that all this meant that men and women ought to do their work in the best way that science and skill would permit; and preached a doctrine of individual efficiency inspired by community co-operation.

And because the people knew that the Church was actually helping to bring about this prosperity and efficiency, and was making the lean land fat, they crowded into the chapel at Yancey, as indeed they crowd into every other chapel in that region where the gospel of the present regeneration of this world is preached.

It is not fair to imply that only in this section of the hills is the new gospel of present prosperity being heard. There is going on at this moment a great stock-taking by all the denominations. The Presbyterian Church especially has instituted a Department of Church and Country Life, which, under the direction of the Rev. Warren H. Wilson and Miss Anna B. Taft, has made a series of rural surveys with a view to finding out exactly what rural conditions are as a basis for determining a remedy. All through the poor lands where the Church seems to be dying they are pushing their inquiries, and the sort of remedy they usually advocate is shown in their recommendations for the reorganization of the Salt River Presbytery in Missouri, which lost twenty per cent of its members in the last ten years:

"We recommend that the churches concern themselves with the farmers' road to the nearest village as well as his road to Glory Land. We recommend that they concern themselves with the task of promoting co-operative business among the farmers. We recommend that they help in the war against disease. And, whenever there is such need, we recommend that they make provision for the social life of their people and provide wholesome recreation."

Isn't the problem of the church of the lean land the same as that of the seed that fell on stony ground? The crop withered, not from any fault of the seed, but because the ground was stony. Wherever the Church is learning to interpret this parable in modern terms she is transforming the leanness into prosperity, and is not only saving the people here and now, but saving herself for a new day of usefulness.

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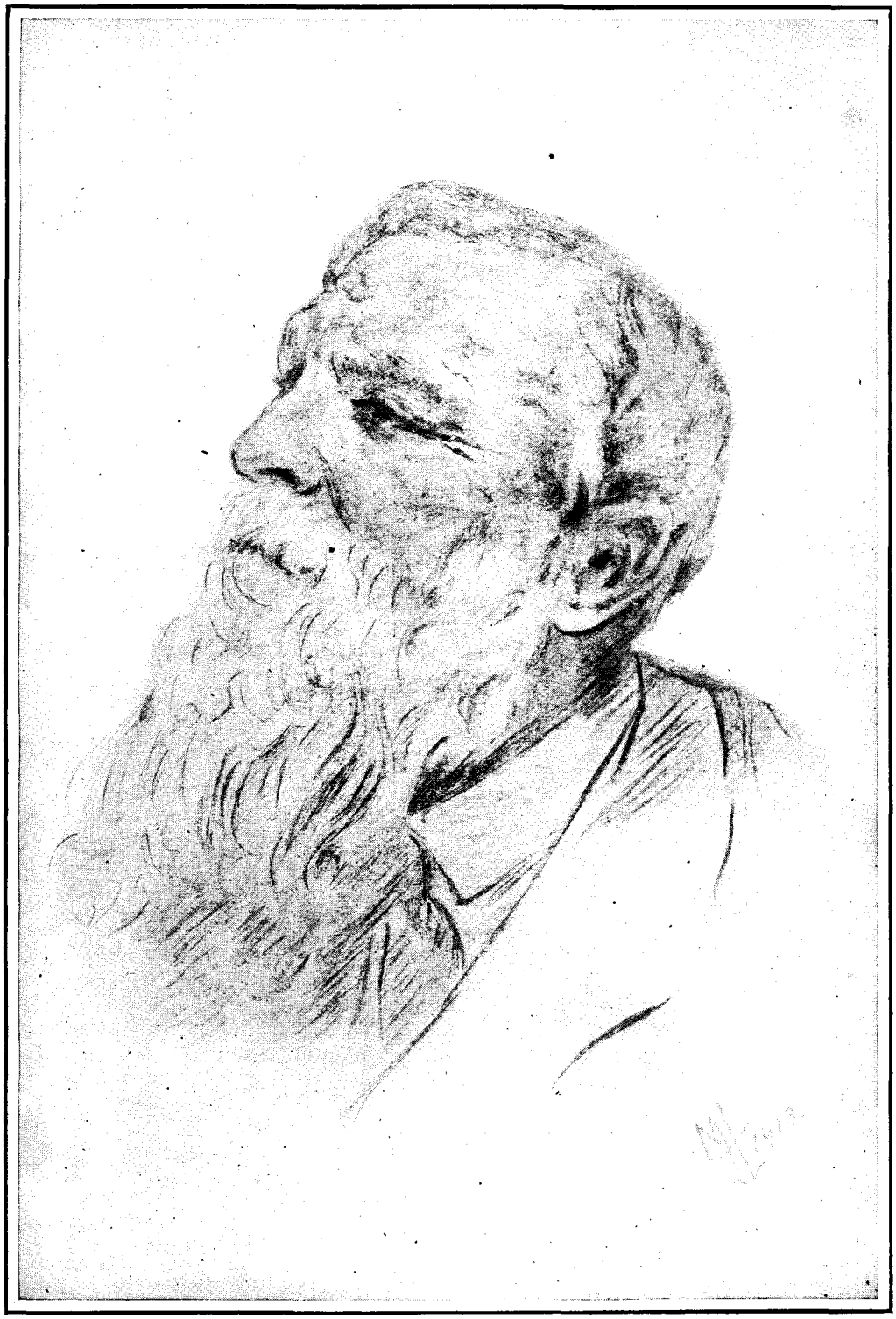

AUGUSTE RODIN

Drawn by his pupil, Miss Malvina Hoffman

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RODIN AND THE WAR

BY ELISABETH MACDONALD BIGELOW

IT was at the home of an American in London that Rodin made his great gift to England of eighteen of his finest sculptures, a gift which for England will always serve to commemorate both a great artist and a great alliance.

Rodin was then seventy-five years old. Shocked by the war, the sculptor was heroically facing the end, he feared, of his own life-work. The Hôtel Biron, in Paris, which had served as his studio for several years, and which the French Government had long planned to give to him to use both as a workshop and a museum, had been lost to him almost overnight. His own villa at Meudon, where he had lived peacefully and happily, lay within the military zone established about the capital of France. It was from this home that his friends had persuaded him to depart for London when the onrushing army of von Kluck made its great drive at Paris.

In London he found greater tranquillity, but the war had entered deeply into his heart. Much of his time he spent watching the regiments pass the windows of his room on their way to the front. The soldiers always thrilled him. It was one day while at luncheon with his hostess and another guest that the tramp of marching feet again arrested his attention. With unflagging interest he stood up to see the soldiers pass.

"Oh, what beautiful creatures!" he said, and murmured the phrase over again, softly. "These splendid, brave fellows! How wonderful that they are going to help my France! . . . That they will stand shoulder to shoulder with our soldiers! These beautiful English!"

Then he turned quickly to his hostess, searched her face earnestly, and said, with characteristic humility: "Do you think that England would accept my sculptures for the Victoria and Albert Museum . . . as an appreciation of her soldiers?" He really wondered whether his gift would be permitted!

Pen and ink were immediately brought, and Rodin then and there wrote a note offering his sculptures "as a symbol of my admiration for the British soldiers fighting side by side with my own countrymen."

The works included in this splendid gift had been loaned by Rodin to an exhibition of contemporary French art held in the summer of 1914 at Grosvenor House, the London home of the Duke of Westminster. The pieces exhibited ranged from the earliest of his statues, "The Age of Bronze," of which the Metropolitan Museum has an example, to some of his most recent works of portraiture. Prior to this there had been only three works by Rodin on public exhibition in England—two in the Victoria and Albert Museum and one in the British Museum.

As it was an American who shared with the sculptor the moment when he decided to give to his country's ally the work that represented so much of his life, so to another American was given the opportunity of spending with him those fateful July days which preceded the great war.

This other American was Miss Malvina Hoffman, daughter of the composer Richard Hoffman, and herself a sculptor whose work has elicited most appreciative recognition in America and France. She has for many years known the stimulus of Rodin's friendship, and for the past three years she has been working at her art under his guidance.

The year that had just passed had been a hard one for Rodin. His book, "Les Cathédrales de France," a labor of love and devotion, had been inspired by the noble desire of the aged artist to leave with his beloved country the revelation of the wonders of her religious monuments and to urge her respect and veneration for them. But the work had been misunderstood and cruelly attacked by Pierre Lampue, who actually induced the libraries of the nation to reject its purchase. Again, the sculptor was saddened by the series of bitter, satirical articles in which Calmette opposed his offer to give to France the treasures with which he was filling the Hôtel Biron; but, with the tragic removal of the brilliant editor of "Le Figaro," the real desire of the French nation to possess these artistic creations had no further barrier.

It was at three o'clock on the momentous first Saturday of August that Miss Hoffman came to the Hôtel Biron to spend the afternoon with Rodin, in the preparation of several hundred of his drawings for exhibition in one of the upper rooms. She asked the question that was on everybody's lips, "Is it to be war to-day or not?" Rodin looked up from his work for a moment, and then answered with

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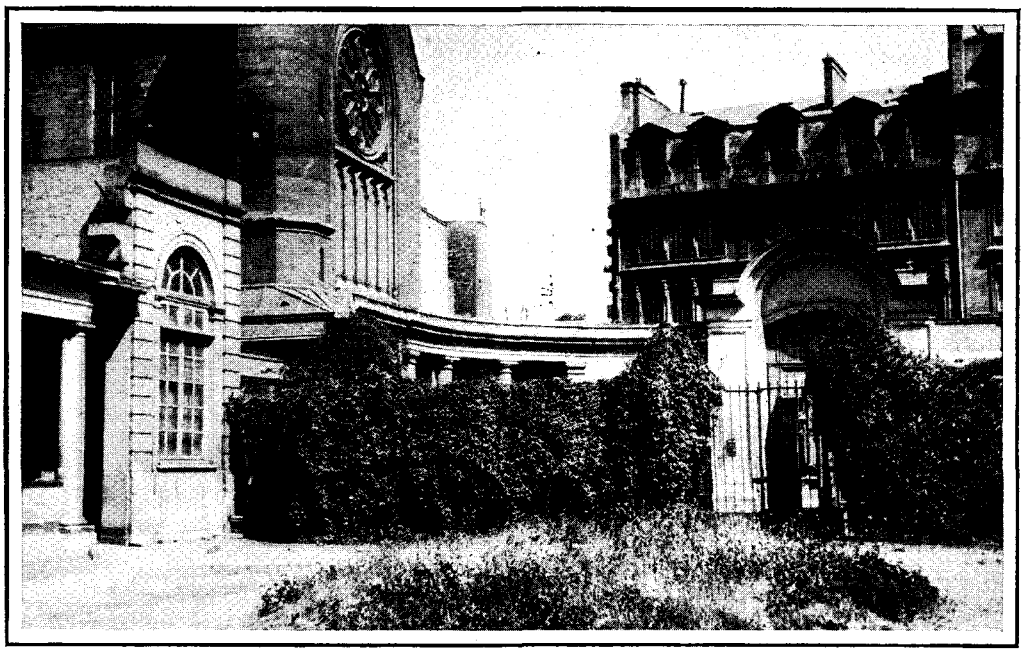
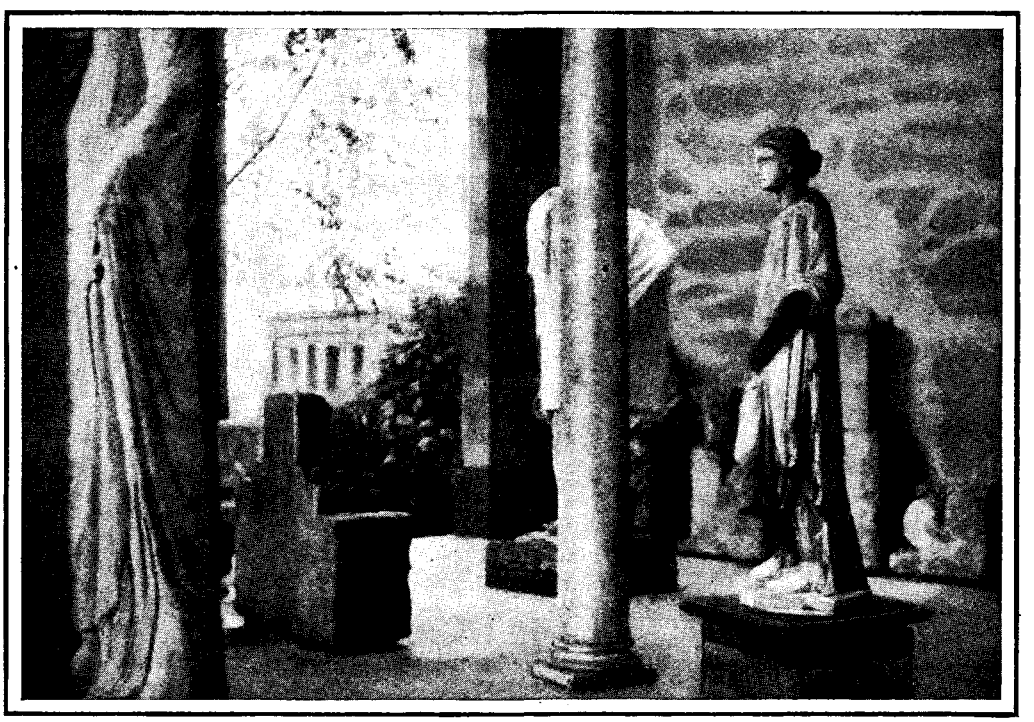


EXTERIOR OF RODIN'S PARIS STUDIO, REQUISITIONED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR USE AS A DAY NURSERY



ENTRANCE HALL, RODIN'S STUDIO AT MEUDON

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quiet resignation: "To-day, yes. . . . It is war. Let us not speak of it, for we can do nothing."

He then led the way upstairs to the room where the drawings were stacked against the wall, ten and twenty deep. There were hundreds of them in their little white frames—water-colors, pen-and-ink sketches, and pencil drawings.

Suddenly a man appeared at the door with a telegram from London. Orders were awaited for the disposition of the Westminster Collection, already packed for shipment. Sadly Rodin wrote the answer: "Hold; too dangerous to ship." The same chilling dread that had fallen upon Paris, filling the streets with aimless, stupefied crowds, stopping even the laughter of children, now found its way into the quiet halls of the Hôtel Biron. Work became impossible. Rodin and Miss Hoffman descended the stairs and entered the big studio. The sculptor noticed a copy of "Les Cathédrales de France" lying on a table. He picked it up, autographed it, and gave it to his friend. "This may be our last meeting," he said, gently.

Soon Rodin was persuaded to leave the Hôtel Biron for Meudon, in a friend's motor car, under the escort of one of his plaster-casters. But the start had been too long delayed. At the gate of the city Rodin's motor was seized and commandeered; the artist was forced to alight and make his way on foot. With his loyal companion the aged man started out on the long walk to Meudon, seven miles away. Soon a kindly peasant with a donkey cart overtook them, and they were enabled to ride for the remainder of the journey; but the disaster that had shaken his country had made Rodin's heart heavy, and he reached his home weary in body and broken in spirit.

At Meudon, on the following day, the peremptory order came to him: "It is necessary that all of your sculptures in the Rue de Varenne, Hôtel de Biron, at present in the halls, entrance, and front rooms, be removed to the back room of the building before to-morrow morning. The Government has requisitioned the house and grounds for a day nursery during the war." Only a day in which to move all his heavy marbles and bronzes! And Rodin had neither the necessary passport to return to the city nor any means of transportation, for his only horse had been seized by the authorities.

After a long and tedious search a mutual French friend was found whose motor had not yet been requisitioned, and who permitted its use as a conveyance for the sculptor. The passport was equally difficult to arrange, for these were indeed stern times, when no sympathy or personal interest could be shown or solicited. At length, after two days of weary wandering from official to official, and endless minute describing of chauffeur and proposed passenger, the permit was procured.

Upon his arrival in Paris, Rodin obtained the services of six strong men and directed the careful removal of his sculptures to the designated room. The task had taken four days longer for its accomplishment than the Government had allowed, and already the workmen were hammering together long tables and other articles of furniture for the children, and there was everywhere the confusion of preparation for the anticipated tenants. The old Hôtel Biron was witnessing again the same abrupt transformation that it had known in the past when the gentle nuns whose convent it had been in the old days were driven forth, upon the abolition of the sisterhoods, and it became the fashionable town house of a distinguished family.

After carrying out the Government's orders—work which was both exhausting and heartbreaking for Rodin—the sculptor returned again to his home at Meudon, but here too he still found work was impossible.

In their march toward Paris the Germans had reached Compiègne, which was within twenty miles of Meudon, and Rodin was in constant terror lest danger befall his beautiful Greek and Egyptian fragments and his own works, housed as they were in the iron and glass pavilion in which he exhibited his sculptures in the Rond-point de l'Alma in the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and latterly removed to Meudon. Already the little community was being deserted by his neighbors. Isadora Duncan, whose villa was next to his own, had turned her home into a hospital and had sent her pupils to America. Friends, fearing for his personal safety and dreading the effect upon the aged sculptor of these warlike scenes, urged him to leave France.

In September he left his country for the hospitable shores of England, where he lived for a time very quietly at Epping, near London. Later, with his wife, he journeyed to Rome. He is now in that city as the guest of an American friend.

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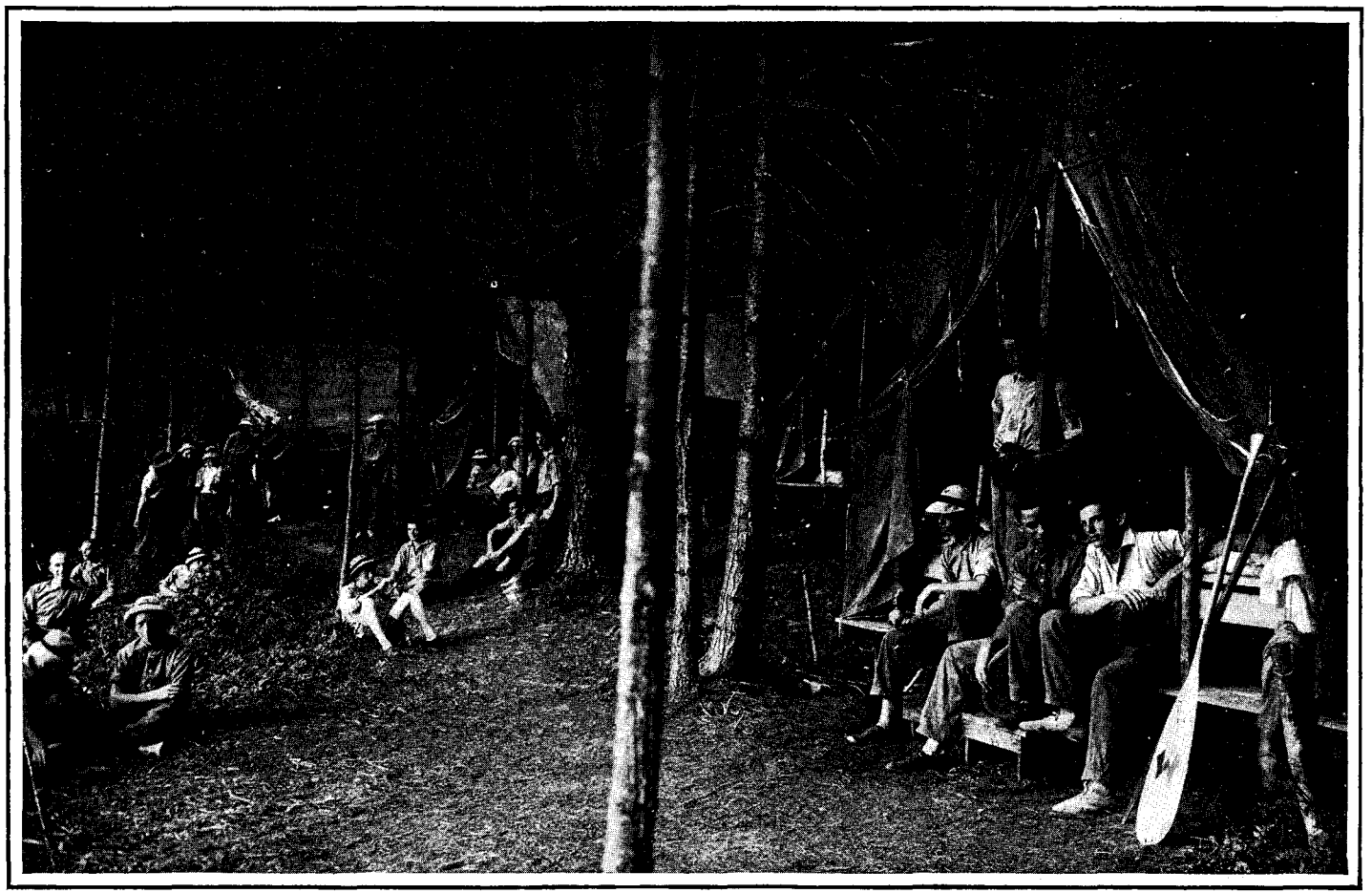

THE REST HOUR IN A BOYS' CAMP

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HOW TO CHOOSE A SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS OR GIRLS

BY MARY HARROD NORTHEND

WHAT is the best place for the boy or girl during the summer vacation is a question which confronts the parent every season. The strenuous activities of the school term demand a certain amount of rest and relaxation, but idleness, on the other hand, is not to be encouraged. The life at fashionable resorts, in hotels, the country home, or the seashore cottage is not desirable; it provides no adequate recreation for a child. Separated from his school friends, he loafs about aimlessly or becomes restless, and, unguided, seeks forms of amusement which may prove worse than idleness.

The summer camp has successfully solved the problem by offering a place where rest and supervised activity are wisely combined. Life in the open is wholesome and invigorating, the pleasant companionship and well-directed physical exercise keep the child healthily occupied from morning to night, so that at the end of the summer he returns home rosy-cheeked and eager to resume the school work.

It is the proper choice of the right camp for the individual child that is perplexing. Naturally enough with the rapidly growing movement, poorly conducted camps have sprung up, in which a child may learn much that is undesirable. The circulars which are issued by the directors of the camps are always alluring, and it is very hard for even the most practical parent to read between the lines in order to avoid those that are money-making schemes and pick out the proper one in which to place his child. It is frequently impossible to visit the camps and find out from personal observation the actual conditions and accommodations. Inquiries can be made from boys and girls who have spent their summers at the camps under consideration, their parents can be interviewed, and often the letters received from the camp director give a clue to his personality through handwriting and composition. Carefully noting this, every wise parent has an intuitive sense of the character of the camp and chooses discriminatingly.

Before the movement had successfully developed this was a much more vexing question. Camps were at first thought of as for boys only; the earliest experiment of the kind was made by the Young Men's Christian Association. From the beginning it was an unbounded success, and led to the formation of the first boys' camps about thirty years ago. This novel experiment was started by a pioneer who realized the possibilities of a place where, under wise supervision, boys could be cared for during their vacation. From that time on the movement has gradually become a widespread one until to-day, all over New England and farther west, thousands of camps have been organized.

The size of the camps varies; some accommodate twenty, others sixty or more, and great care is taken to have the campers within certain age limits. The camp is headed by a director, and in girls' camps, and often in those for small boys, there is a camp mother, whose special work is to care for the little ones placed under her charge, to mother them when homesick, and to do all possible to make their life happy. In addition to the director there are the councilors, generally one for every three to five campers, many of whom are college undergraduates who need relaxation as much as their charges. It is their duty to instill the camp spirit in those under their charge; they sleep in the same tent or bungalow with them, look after their every want, in a careful, quiet way study their characters, impress upon them the value of good-fellowship, teach them through personal example habits of self-control and manliness. The camp spirit, as it is called, pervades every well-organized camp, and is one of the most delightful and beneficial sides of the life. The campers are happy and absorbed in their duties and pleasures.

The matter of conducting a summer camp involves much more than one is apt to realize. The first thing to be considered is the location, and mothers should ascertain whether the camp is situated on high or low land, what the sanitary conditions are, and what kind of sleeping quarters are provided.

The site of a camp is almost always in some secluded section away from towns and villages. Some camps are near the ocean, many are in the heart of the woodland on the bank of a lake or stream. They should be

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TEACHING THE BOY CAMPERS HOW TO SWIM

among hygienic surroundings, with the water supply carefully provided for, as it is a most important factor in the welfare of the campers. The sanitation cannot be too carefully planned, and mothers should give especial thought to this point when choosing a camp for their children. A camp which is merely a money-making proposition is apt to pay little attention to this feature and often the lavatories are so near the water supply that there is danger of polluting it and bringing on serious trouble which may lead to typhoid fever. In well-conducted camps these matters are seriously studied in order to insure good health to their charges.

The position of the tents is most important; in some cases they rest directly on the ground, but there should be wooden flooring raised several inches, so that in case of heavy rains they will be out of the wet. Many camps have four or five cots in each sleeping tent, which is generally made of khaki, and in some a separate tent is added which is divided into compartments and used for a dressing-room. In addition to the tents there is usually a large bungalow for entertainments and evening gatherings, and either a rough shack or tent for eating purposes.

Another important item to be considered in the choice of the camp is proper food; by that I mean food that will nourish growing children. In order to do this it must be plain, wholesome, well cooked, and sufficient in quantity. Connected with almost every camp is a chef, who has under him a corps of assistants. The waiters are generally boys or girls from the near-by towns or villages, but in some camps this work is done by campers who take this way to help pay their expenses. The tables are spread on long boards that rest on "horses;" they are covered with white cloths, and the merry boys or girls come trooping in, standing reverently in place awaiting the blessing, before a low pleasant hum of conversation and laughter floods the room. In some camps where money is the first consideration the food, for economy's sake, is of inferior quality or insufficient in quantity. In camps such as these disorder is apt to reign at table and the campers look upon the meals as a lark; each tries to see who can get the most to eat of the amount supplied. This teaches bad manners and lack of courtesy; but if there is sufficient food, carefully proportioned and carefully served, the girls or boys retain their home table manners. There should be, and is in well-organized ventures, an ample variety in the menu to avoid an unappetizing monotony. There is nothing that will come more quickly to the ears of the parents than improper food, and complaints of this kind should be most

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THE "WAR CANOE" OF A BOYS' CAMP

promptly investigated, as a healthy appetite engendered by outdoor living is not apt to notice insignificant defects in the diet.

Indulgent parents should not send candy indiscriminately to their children. In many organizations the use of it is restricted and it is allowed at stated intervals only, and then in small quantities. Let the mother beware of a camp in which the boy or girl is permitted to buy sweets *ad libitum*. Often there is a tea house or shop connected with the well-conducted camp and run by the director. This insures pure, unadulterated candy and allows the heads to see that it is not injudiciously purchased. The regulation of food in camp is a most important factor, for where an insufficient amount is allowed the girls especially will obtain sweets through one pretense or another and indulge in secret midnight frolics which cause lassitude and general disorder the following day.

The life in the open is a great joy to the campers, and at night they sleep with the flaps of their tents thrown back, the fresh air bringing sound and refreshing slumbers until "reveille" is sounded in the morning, which arouses them to the day's work. Girls who have been spoiled at home, indulged in long morning naps, forget to be selfish and pampered when the glow of health floods their veins. In some camps a setting-up drill before the campers are dressed is a feature which is enjoyed by every one who participates. After this comes the plunge into the lake, and then a scamper up the hill to be ready for the breakfast call, the first bell of which is sounded five minutes in advance in order to insure promptness.

Every circular gives an account of the routine of camp life, and the physical exercises that are a part of the curriculum should be carefully studied by the mother. Properly conducted physical training develops muscle and poise and makes strong women and men out of the girls and boys. Should it, however, be taught by an incompetent teacher who does not take into consideration the physical qualities of those under his charge, more evil than good may come out of it, for overdoing is a possible danger. There are some camps in which certain sports are specialized, and great efforts are made to organize champion baseball and football teams. These select only the strongest boys, and leave the weaker ones to shift for themselves. The object of this is to give the camp a prominent place in the athletic world, but in a good camp it is never done. The teams are carefully selected and the boys so placed that every one feels his importance in athletics. The weak boy takes a place equal to his strength and the stronger one fits into his

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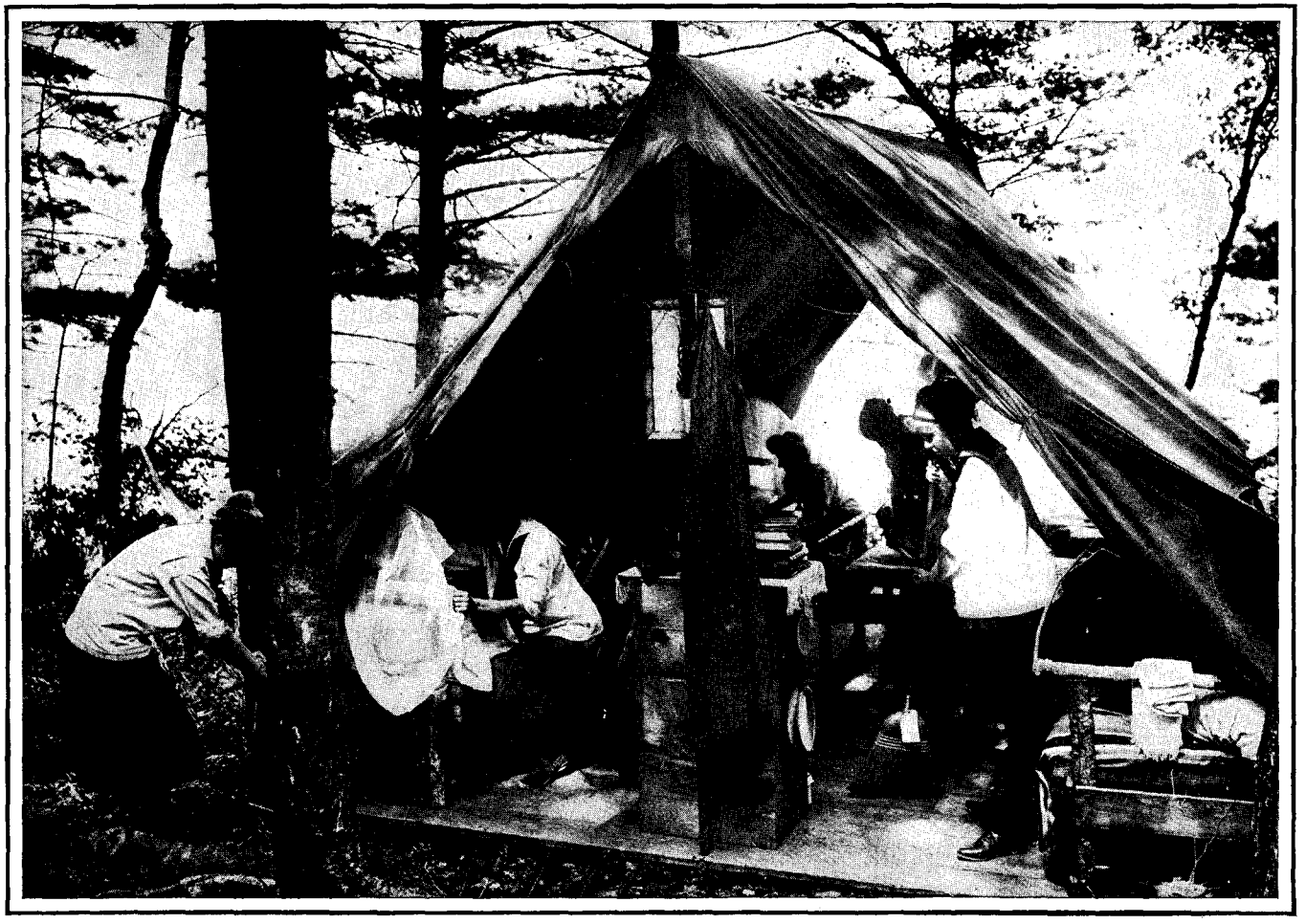

ACTIVE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS IN A GIRLS' CAMP

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own groove on the team. This gives the shy or the weak boy an equal chance to make good. Physical training differs in different camps; in boys' camps, sports fill a great part of the day; but in the girls' camps many other features are added to the daily routine. Æsthetic dancing, archery, and such activities serve to strengthen the girls physically and make them fitted for the winter's campaign. The boys' camp lends itself to the sturdier sports which provide more violent exercise, yet during the summer months there are often tournaments in which both boys and girls participate. The present-day tendency for girls to indulge in men's sports is an advantage to both sexes, for it makes the boy more respectful to his sisters and gives the girl a confidence in her own power which otherwise she would never have had.

Swimming and boating are also recreations that should be carefully watched by mothers. They should be indulged in only under competent teachers who study each child's condition and guard against overexertion. In the poorly conducted camps there is no time-limit to the bathing hour and the child often comes out of the water shivering and blue and much harm results. In one class should be those who are being taught by the instructors and who, slowly but surely, are learning the proper way of handling themselves, not learning the strokes blindly, but being taught what each stroke means for each muscle. The experienced swimmers form another group; tests are often conducted, in which the participators are followed by competent instructors in boats, so that no accidents can occur. With such careful instruction in swimming and boating the campers learn to understand not only themselves but the care of others placed in their charge. Parents should see that the camp to which they purpose sending their children is fully supervised in this respect.

The rest hour, which is insisted on in every camp, is a great safeguard for both boys and girls. It is not an irksome period, for, while obliged to be quiet, they are allowed to read, write, or sew, with the exception of the delicate boy or girl, who is encouraged to lie down and take complete rest. The length of the rest hour for each person is carefully regulated in a good camp; if any girl has been off on a long tramp, she is allowed to rest for a longer period in order fully to recover.

It must be remembered that properly conducted camps have connected with them a physician whose duty is to look after the health of the children, and every one has to pass a physical inspection in order to see how much he or she is able to stand. This is neglected in some camps, and a delicate child, if allowed to do as much as the strongest, may overexert itself with serious results that end in permanent harm. In the well-conducted camp the standard of right living teaches a girl how to handle herself, how to avoid overdoing, and so insures her good health through the conservation of her strength and the knowledge of when to rest and when to work.

There are many enjoyable sides to camp life which the practical mother appreciates. In the evenings those who play the mandolin, guitar, or banjo sit around the open fire in the large hall strumming their instruments while the rest of the crowd gather about and break forth into camp songs, many of which have been written by themselves. There are Saturday evening entertainments in some of the camps; each group of girls selected for this purpose are put to their wits' ends to think out some original scheme to amuse the rest of the campers, and it is really wonderful how their efforts are rewarded and how much entertainment and fun is derived from these latent talents. Comradeship is a great thing in the life in summer camps; naturally the campers are drawn together and friendships are formed that often continue through life. Many a "sissy" or a spoiled society darling is developed into a strong, wide-awake boy or girl who learns to play, work, and live with other people in a manly or womanly way. Many mothers worry when they send their girls to camp lest they become rough, boyish, and forget their gentler feminine qualities. But under the right kind of supervision there is little danger of the wholesome outdoor play becoming hoydenish; on the contrary, the close companionship awakens unselfishness and consideration for others. Camp life assures a simplicity of living that encourages democracy; a child is helped to understand true values from his close association with nature and his study of it.

Parents should find out if there is any definite course of nature study in the camps which they are considering. In many there are councilors specially engaged to talk to the campers of the wonders about them; on their walks and tramps they are shown the flowers, the trees, birds, beasts, and insects; the world about them is explained and they are taught to observe for themselves. This

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PUTTING UP THE SHACK—WORK THAT IS ALSO PLAY FOR THE BOY CAMPERS

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study of nature in all its phases arouses a wholesome interest in life, and the children learn more from their lessons out of doors than they would in years with their books.

Camp life tells its own story. No matter how hard the boy or girl may try to hide the thoughts, if they are in the wrong it always leaks out. There is some phrase that creeps into the letters which shows wary parents that something is wrong; they can read between the lines and realize that they have made a mistake. If everything is right, the letters home will be jolly, happy, full of interesting experiences, comforting the hearts of the parents and relieving them of anxiety lest they have made a mistake in separating themselves from their children for these two months of the year.

Homesickness, often feared by the mother, rarely, if ever, worries the camper; he becomes so fascinated with the pleasant outdoor life and the companionship of others that the days seemingly fly by.

The question of sending boys and girls to summer camps is not a matter that is easily decided. Parents should study the subject very carefully, lest they send their children away when they would be better at home. But they should realize, with a boy possibly more than with a girl, that there is danger in the restraint of home; the boy feels a lack of freedom to exercise his natural energy; he wants to be noisy and active and busy, and these instincts, if properly developed, will round out his whole character; curbed, they may lead him to alien paths. While this is true concerning the life of the boy, it is in a measure the same idea that underlies the girls' camps. The formation of girls' camps was a much harder problem to deal with than that of the boys', for mothers had to become accustomed to allowing their daughters the freedom of life away from home. Fortunately, the outdoor movement of to-day which has spread throughout our country has made the daughter of the twentieth century associate in outdoor sports with her brothers. By so doing she has developed health and love of the open that was wanting a quarter of a century ago. The wise mother has come to realize the importance of encouraging these instincts, so that her daughter may grow into a strong, healthy woman and her boy into a manly fellow able to take his place successfully in the world. It is to mothers such as these that the summer camp appeals, but it is equally desirable for the children of mothers who are over-indulgent.

Modern parents are growing to realize that through anxiety for their children's welfare they often become tired and impatient from the monotony of caring for the many details of their lives. A short separation does both the child and the parents good, and reunites them again even more closely. The camp movement has so grown that parents all over the country realize that it is not an experiment but a well-established factor that has brought about a vast amount of good to every member of the family. Fathers and mothers have been able to take outings which otherwise they would have foregone while the children, safe under careful surveillance, are costing them no more than if they had sent them to some seashore resort. The children are filled with new ideas, new outlooks upon life, and are by the living in the open ready and anxious to take up the work of the winter with earnestness and vim.

In the studying of the circulars that are issued by the various camps one should not overlook the special features which appeal most to the child's natural instincts. Nearly every camp has some particular activity; in one it is nature study; in another, arts and crafts or some sport—baseball, horseback-riding, swimming, Indian life. The child should be allowed to select the one of these that appeals to him most. This is the advantage of having so many camps run on so many different lines: there is a chance for every temperament and every taste to find the congenial place. This point is one that the parents should never neglect. The boy who loves to "make things" will get the most out of a camp in which wood-carving, wood-working, and the like are taught. The girl who adores dancing should be sent where there is a professional teacher of æsthetic and folk dancing. The tennis enthusiast should have it assured that there is a good court and other players of equal ability in the camp. If the camper is in uncongenial surroundings, where the activities he most enjoys are neglected, his interest will be lost, he will very likely be unhappy, and will not improve from his summer's vacation.

All of these things should be considered—location, living and sanitary conditions, food, the character of the director and the councilors, the general environment, and the special activities. The lack of any one of them will mar the summer's pleasure and benefit.

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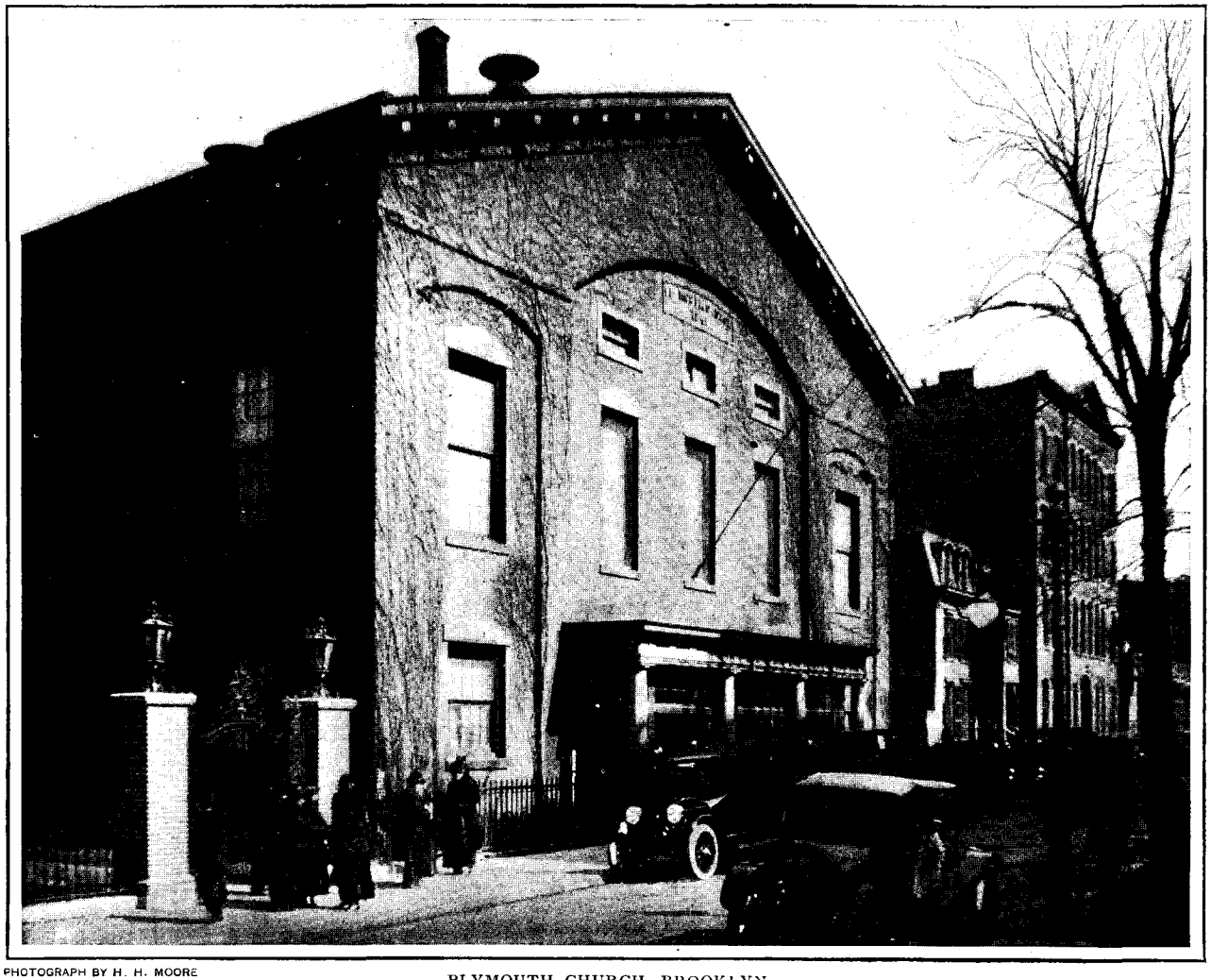

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. MOORE

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

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REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER XVI

PLYMOUTH CHURCH

HENRY WARD BEECHER was, in my judgment, the greatest orator I ever heard, and easily takes a place among the greatest orators of the world. Less persuasive than Gladstone, less keen and rapier-like than Wendell Phillips, less dramatic than John B. Gough, less polished than George William Curtis, less weighty than Daniel Webster, he combined in one ever-variable oratory the qualities of all, and was alternately persuasive, keen, dramatic, polished, weighty. His kaleidoscopic mind kept the habitual hearer always wondering what surprise would greet him next Sunday, and the occasional hearer equally wondering what surprise would greet him in the next sentence. It was not, however, chiefly these oratorical qualities that gave him his permanent influence; it was his rare combination of practical common sense and spiritual vision. He disregarded the phrases and forms of religion and cared only for its essential spirit. Under his leadership there was developed a church whose bond of union was spiritual, not intellectual. In its membership were both Calvinists and Arminians, Unitarians and Trinitarians, believers in universal restoration, in conditional immortality and in eternal punishment, in adult baptism and in infant baptism, in the Bible as an infallible rule of faith and practice and in the Bible as the history of the development of a nation's religious experience, some men and women temperamentally Episcopalians and others temperamentally Friends. There was a baptistery under the pulpit, and unbaptized candidates for admission to the church decided for themselves whether they would be baptized by sprinkling or by immersion. A more harmonious church I have never known; a more independent membership I have never known. The church solved the problem of uniting individual independence and organic unity.

Some understanding of the spirit of this church and of the character and temperament of its first pastor seems necessary to enable the reader to understand the nature of the problem which confronted me during my eleven years of pastoral labor.[1]

When I came down to my breakfast on Sunday morning, March 6, 1887, my wife handed me the morning paper containing the statement that Henry Ward Beecher was dying at his home in Brooklyn—cause, the bursting of a blood-vessel in the brain—of recovery no possibility. As a pastor I had been familiar with death. I had been accustomed from early youth to look forward to dying myself with interested curiosity—not with dread, hardly with awe. Death has always seemed to me simply a journey to another land. But I had never associated death with Mr. Beecher. He was so full of life. That it would ever ebb had never occurred to me. Like others, I had always thought of Plymouth Church as Beecher's church, and could not picture it to myself as going on without him. The paper announced that on Sunday evening the members of Plymouth Church would meet for prayer in the lecture-room. After my morning church service in Cornwall I took the train to New York to attend this meeting. Not for many years had I been an enrolled member of Plymouth Church, but it was the church of my first love and my church still.

A more solemnly sacred meeting I have never attended. There was neither priest nor preacher to conduct it. It was a meeting of laymen. Its utterances were not addressed by a teacher to the church, but were the spontaneous expression of the church's feeling. Its spirit was one of strange exaltation; its thoughts not so much of the life which was closing as of the life which was beginning. In the account in the Book of Acts of the martyrdom of Stephen it is said, "He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Something of the spirit

[1] Copyright, 1914, by the Outlook Company.

[1] In my "Life of Henry Ward Beecher" I have given an account of the organization and history of this church, of which Mr. Beecher was the first pastor, and which partook of his broad and progressive spirit.

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of such a celestial vision seemed to dwell in this meeting. "If," said Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, "human weakness could be controlled by the higher aspirations of the soul, or the exertion of the will, I would fain have this hour a scene of solemn, sacred thanksgiving and praise. You know that is what he would have if he could speak to us—our Greatheart, our Paul. His message would be that which came from the Roman prison: 'Mourn not for me, I am ready to go, but be instant in the work of the Lord.'"

Similar prayer-meetings were held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. A memorial volume contains a partial report of these meetings, and from my remarks on Monday evening the following paragraph was selected for printing. I repeat it here because it gives the key to the messages which, wholly unexpectedly to myself, I was called on as temporary supply of the vacant pulpit to give to the church the following winter:

Carlyle has said somewhere that one of the grandest words in the language is duty. With you that has been a pleasure which in other churches was a duty. All that is changed now. Hereafter you must take that great word "duty" and make it your watchword. For forty years duty has been a pleasant thing in this church. The great heart and brain and genius that are now stilled have made your duty easy for you. During all these years you have been getting. Hereafter you must learn the pleasure of giving. You can no longer come here and have one man fill you from his fullness and richness, but you must learn to fill each other. Strength will be given you if you ask for it; and the Master who strengthened him will strengthen you.

At the close of the Sabbath morning communion service preceding these evening prayer-meetings a Committee was appointed to act on behalf of the church in the existing emergency, and this Committee, subsequently enlarged, became an Advisory Committee to act on behalf of the church in seeking for a pastor. This Committee wisely concluded that it would be a disadvantage to the church to hear candidates. It therefore proposed, on October 7, to the church that "an arrangement be made with the Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the 'Christian Union,' to act as temporary pastor of this church, supplying the pulpit on Sunday morning and evening (with the understanding that he may occasionally exchange with other ministers), and attending the Friday evening prayer-meeting." The Committee added: "In justice to Mr. Abbott, it should be plainly said that he is not, and will not become, a candidate for the permanent pastorate of the church; that he would not undertake any other pastoral labors than those indicated; and that, if he should accept such an arrangement, it would be for the purpose of assisting us in this emergency until a wise and deliberate choice for the future could be made."

The church approved of this plan, my associates in the "Christian Union" approved of it, and I accepted the invitation. I rented a small flat on Brooklyn Heights and moved there for the winter. It had been suggested to me by a member of the Committee that I could continue to live in Cornwall and come down for the Friday and Sunday services. But I had no old sermons to give a congregation. In seventeen years I had not written a single sermon, and the sermons written before that time had long since served their only useful purpose in kindling fires. I knew only one way to preach. I must study the life of the church and congregation, and adapt my message to their needs, and if I were to do this I must live where I should be in continual contact with the church. I secured temporarily the services of an assistant, to whom I gave a list of all absentee members of the church that he might call on them. I do not think his calling had any appreciable effect on the congregation; it had some on the Sunday-school. He met in his calls, however, with one incident which has always been a psychological mystery to me. A Wesleyan Methodist lady who lived near Plymouth Church, but had left the congregation after Mr. Beecher's death, told my assistant that I excited her so that she had to hold on to the pew to prevent calling out a response; so she had left Plymouth Church and gone to Dr. Talmage's for rest. To me the lack of emotional appeal seemed a serious defect in my preaching, and this estimate was confirmed by the reported saying of a stranger that he went to Plymouth Church one Sunday, but that morning Lyman Abbott did not preach; he only gave a little talk on religion. I will leave the reader to reconcile these two incidents as best he can.

I had been supplying the pulpit for seven or eight months when I was asked by a member of the Advisory Committee whether I would consider a call to become the permanent pastor of the church, with the proviso that I might continue my connection with and my editorial direction of the "Christian

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Union." Of course I took time to consider. My editorial associates approved, and Mr. Valentine was particularly desirous that I should accept. The double work had been carried on by me throughout the winter without impairment of my health. Provision had been made which gave reasonable assurance that the work of the church need not be impaired and might be increased. Some members of the congregation who had dropped off after Mr. Beecher's death had returned; some new members had come in to take the place of absentees. A disinterested and trustworthy observer reported, as the result of his observation on a Sunday in June, when congregations were already beginning to scatter, that "there was not a crowding in the aisles and about the doors, as there was in the old days when strangers from abroad were attracted by the fame of Mr. Beecher. But, for all that, *the church was full*, floor and galleries."[1] About fifty members had been added to the church at the spring communion, and, though there had been some dismissions and some deaths, the net loss consequent on Mr. Beecher's death was but three. I had many old friends in the church and had made some new ones. I understood the church and the church understood me, and the church was the best judge of whether I was the leader they needed. I gave my consent.

On Friday evening, May 26, my name was presented by the Committee to a meeting of the church, and the call was extended; but not without opposition. The vote was four hundred to sixty. It was ratified by the society without dissent, and on the following Saturday evening it was presented to me by a committee of the church and society appointed for that purpose. It had been made unanimous by the church, but I knew that the minority represented a real opposition, including some active members. To decline the call would be to send the church back to renew its quest; to delay would be to keep the church in a ferment until my decision was rendered. I decided on a very unconventional course, and announced from the pulpit my acceptance of the call on the Sunday morning after it was received. In this informal acceptance I said frankly to the congregation: "I am not at all surprised that some of the members of this church thought it not wise to extend such a call. I am, on the contrary, quite surprised that any one differed from them. In their judgment that I have no power to fill this church or do its work they are quite right. I am no wind from heaven that can fill the sails that flap idly at the mast of a church whose crew are all passengers; but that is not Plymouth Church. I have found you through this last winter workers, every one of you cordial and hearty in his work. I am sure you will still be so."

My confidence was not misplaced. At the close of the service one gentleman who had spoken strongly in the Friday night meeting against the call came up to pledge me his hearty co-operation, and loyally did he fulfill his pledge. No minister could ask for a more loyal and united support than was given to me during my entire pastorate. Mrs. Beecher was at first opposed to the call. She could neither endure to see her husband's work stop nor to see any one else standing in her husband's place and receiving the support which had been so loyally given to her husband. My wife's devotion to me enabled her to understand this illogical but wholly natural feeling; by her sympathetic understanding she conquered it, and before the year was out Mrs. Beecher was numbered among our warmest friends. For a few weeks some opposition found expression in anonymous articles in the daily press. A few weeks after my acceptance it was reported in some detail that the opposition in the church was such that I was about to resign. How far these reports were fed by gossip in the congregation, how far provided by inventive scandalmongers without, I never knew and never cared to inquire. The originality and fidelity of Mr. Beecher's preaching had always excited hostility to the church in certain elements in the community; that they would be quick to take advantage of this critical period in its history was to be expected. My wife and I pursued the same policy which we had pursued under similar circumstances in Terre Haute. We said nothing, made no replies to false reports, and read and heard as little as possible. Only once did I make any public reference to them. It was reported in several newspapers that the church was in financial difficulties, and that nevertheless I demanded

[1] Dr. Henry M. Field in the New York "Evangelist." The italics are his. The Field family was a famous one, including Stephen Johnson Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States; David Dudley Field, a distinguished lawyer of New York and the creator of its Code of civil procedure; Cyrus W. Field, the projector and promoter of the first submarine telegraph cable between the United States and Europe; and Henry M. Field, the editor and proprietor of what was in his lifetime probably the foremost Presbyterian journal in America.

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a salary of $10,000, which the trustees were unable to pay; and so responsible a journal as the "Watchman," of Boston, doubled this demand and made it $20,000. When these reports found a place in reputable journals, I thought the congregation was entitled to know the facts, and that the Sunday morning service afforded a good opportunity to give them the information. As this statement embodies the principle upon which I have acted in all my relations with churches throughout my life, I repeat it here:

"The statement has been made in the 'Evening Post' that I demanded a salary of $10,000. I wish to say that neither have I, nor has any one else for me, made any call on the trustees or on any member of the church for any adjustment of my salary or its amount. When I try to render service for any organization making money, I try to make a bargain; but a church is not a money-making concern, and I have never made a bargain with any church for any service or sermon, and have not done so here. I have not said to any one what salary I ought to have, and I leave it wholly to Plymouth Church."

The next day the "Evening Post" responded to this statement by a very frank apology for the misrepresentation to which it had unwittingly given circulation, and I think this apology had even more influence than my statement in putting an end to the circulation of the false report.

I accepted the call on the 28th day of May. The salary was not fixed until October. It was then made $8,000 a year, a sum sufficient for personal and pastoral expenses, but not sufficient to leave any annual margin for investment. Ministers' salaries rarely are adequate to furnish any such margin.

When the call to Plymouth Church came to me, I was in my fifty-third year. The following pen-and-ink portrait from a kindly but not indiscriminating article in the Boston "Advertiser" will give the reader a notion of the impression which in public speaking I produced on a not unsympathetic auditor:

"In all external ways the contrast [with Mr. Beecher] will be as striking as could be imagined. Lyman Abbott is physically the antithesis of Henry Ward Beecher. Rather under the middle height, spare in flesh, gentle in voice, with but little gesticulation, somewhat pale in features, calm, introspective, and almost mystical, he seems while speaking to look through the windows of the soul at things not seen with mortal vision rather than into the human eyes that look up into his. Though totally lacking in that gift of well-nigh magical eloquence which for forty years astonished and thrilled and held spellbound the packed thousands in that Brooklyn meeting-house, though having none of that personal magnetism, that intuitive knowledge of human nature, that all-creative imagination, which made their former pastor the pulpit phenomenon of his time, it may be found that he upon whom that prophet's mantle has fallen is destined to do a work as great and exert an influence no less widespread and abiding."

When a church has been for forty years under one pastor, universally beloved by his people, and a successor comes to take his place, if he is efficient, he will bring with him some new ideals and some new methods; if he is wise, he will introduce these ideals and these methods very cautiously. Churches, like individuals, are creatures of habit, and a habit which has lasted through a generation is not easily changed.

The organization of Plymouth Church was very simple. The society, consisting of all who contributed to the support of the church, elected a Board of Trustees, who owned and administered all the property. The church elected a Board of Deacons, who were the pastor's official advisers, administered the church charities, and took charge of the religious services in the pastor's absence. A Membership Committee examined all applicants for admission to the church, whether by profession or by letter from other churches. All the business of the church was conducted in public business meetings, which might, however, refer the matter under discussion to a special committee.

I never attempted to interfere with the work of the Board of Trustees, but one interesting incident occurred to mark clearly the division between the functions of that Board and those of the pastor of the church. The Sunday after the first election of President McKinley, in 1896, when I went to church I found the American flag flying from its front window. I was sorry to see anything which seemed to identify the church with a political party, though I personally was strongly opposed to the free silver policy of Mr. Bryan and very glad of its defeat. One of the young men of the church, who probably sympathized with me, asked me before the service if I wished

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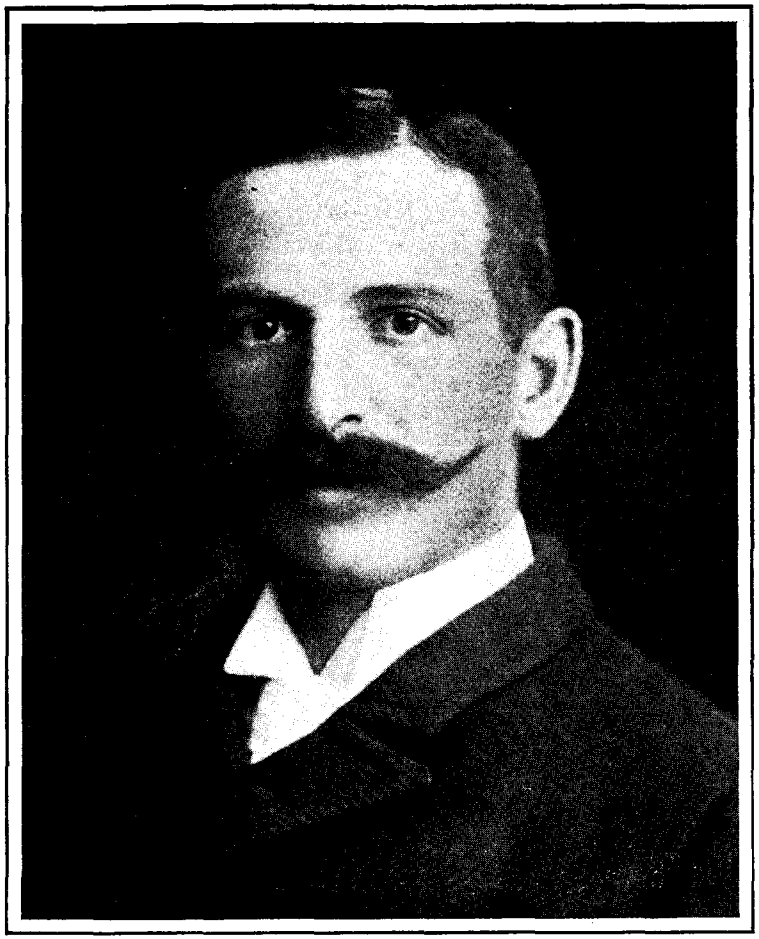
THE REV. HORACE PORTER

"Horace Porter . . . became the assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, and is now pastor of one of the most prosperous Congregational churches in southern California." Mr. Porter became associate pastor after Mr. Bliss's retirement. See page 1022



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD

THE REV. HOWARD S. BLISS

"I desired, not an assistant, but an associate. . . . *My first choice*—and I had *no second*—was Howard S. Bliss. . . . We were installed together, I as pastor, he as associate pastor." See page 1016. For several years Mr., now Dr., Bliss has been President of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût

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the flag to remain. I could not learn from him, nor from any one, by whose order it had been put up, and therefore directed it taken down. The next day I received a letter from one of the Trustees calling me somewhat sharply to account for this action. The Board of Trustees, he said, had the entire control of the church property, and the minister had no authority to interfere. I wrote him in reply that I recognized that principle, and never intended to disregard it. But it did not entitle the Board to put up symbols in or on the church to indicate doctrines for which they wished the church to stand; to put up, for example, a crucifix or a statue of the Virgin Mary. If he thought differently, I would join with him in calling a meeting of the church and congregation to submit the question to them for decision. To this letter I received no reply, and concluded that either he agreed with me or else did not think the question sufficiently important for public debate. The incident is insignificant in itself, and is recorded here simply from the importance of the principle involved.

I made no attempt to interfere with the charitable work of the Board of Deacons, but it has never seemed to me that a church fulfills its whole charitable duty because it takes care of its own poor. Plymouth Church was on the edge of one of the poorest districts in Brooklyn. To fulfill our Christian duty toward the population which resided in this our neighborhood a committee of ladies was formed and placed under the special charge of a notably efficient woman of the church. The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities was notified that Plymouth Church would care for all cases of destitution within that district and would report its work statedly to the Bureau. From market-men in the vicinity food was obtained at cost prices and some donations of food were secured. A little money was raised by private subscription. The special committee constituted itself a board of visitors, and not only took charge of all cases referred to it, but also of all cases discovered by its own investigations. Each family so discovered was assigned to a special friendly visitor, who ascertained its needs, the cause of its distress, and possible remedies; sought employment for the unemployed; attempted to persuade—and often did persuade—the discouraged man to give up his drink; clothed the children and enabled them to go to school; aided the mother to spend her income economically and to use efficiently what she bought; and, what was most important of all, carried the cheer of hope and good companionship into homes darkened by discouragement and despair. This work was kept up throughout my pastorate so efficiently that I do not think that any family in need in a district of considerable size was neglected, and yet only in one year was over $100 spent by the committee in cash.

"Blessed," says the Psalmist, "is he that considereth the poor." The American poor are not beggars. Real, spontaneous, friendly consideration is far more valuable and far more welcome than are unconsidered gifts of food, clothing, or money, whether given by individual impulse or by cold-blooded, official charity. I believe that if the plan pursued by Plymouth Church could be carried into effect by all the churches in our great cities co-operating in selected or assigned districts, under the general supervision of a central organization, the benefits both to the poor and to the co-operating churches would be inestimable.

Some modification was quietly made in the methods pursued by the Membership Committee in ascertaining the qualifications of candidates for admission to the church. It was assumed that Plymouth Church was a church of workers; a list of the varied activities of the church was given to every candidate for admission, and he was asked whether he could take any active part in the work of the church, and, if so, to what part he desired to be assigned. The effect of this change in the methods of examination, quietly introduced, was wholly beneficial, and did something, I think, to develop in all the members a sense of personal responsibility for the life and work of the church. While I was still acting temporarily as pulpit supply a committee was created to supervise the work of the church and an envelope plan was put in operation to raise the necessary funds. By this method an average of from ten to twelve thousand dollars a year was secured during my pastorate and the work of the church was materially enlarged. Besides the ordinary activities of churches at that time we maintained in connection with our branches reading-rooms, penny provident banks, boys' clubs, two gymnasiums, one of them fairly well equipped, lodging-house visitations, organized aid to unemployed, and work among the sailors on the docks and on ships in port. The second annual report of this Church Work Committee embodied reports from ten

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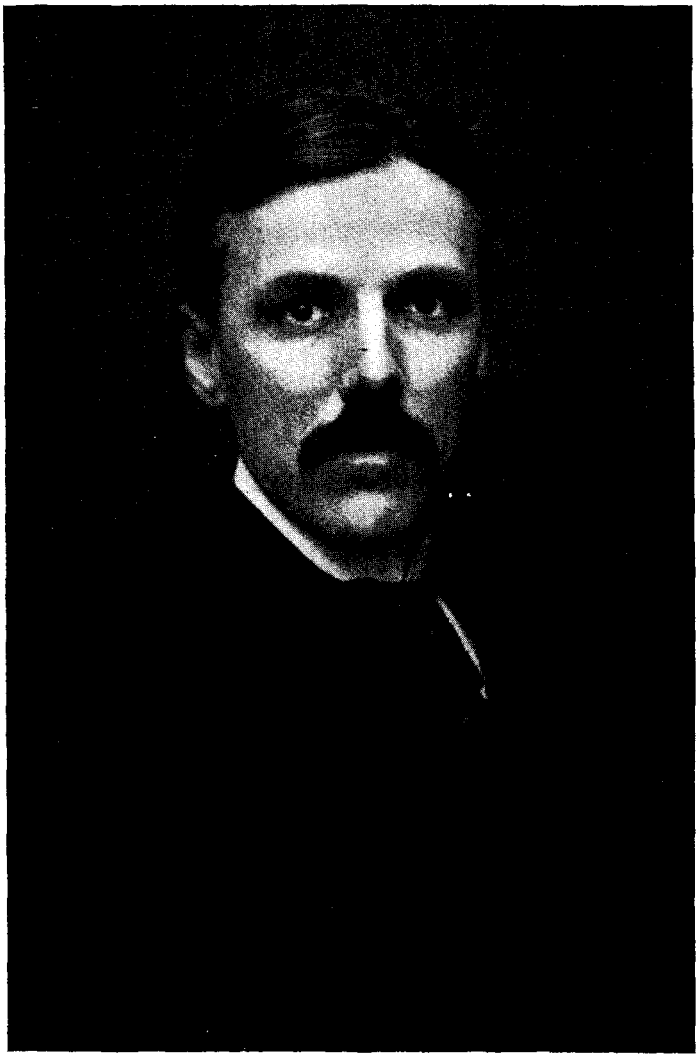

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

In 1898 Dr. Hillis was called to succeed Dr. Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church. Under his pastorate the church has enlarged its scope by building and conducting the Beecher Memorial, consisting of educational buildings and a club-house, with an arcade for exhibitions. The portrait above was taken just before Dr. Hillis began his pastorate. See page 1024

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PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. MOORE

THE EAST RIVER AND T

This is the view described by Dr. Abbott on page 1022. The photograph of which this is a reproduc
March of this year, it shows a sky-line different from that which existed in the '90s; but in all ot

working organizations in the church in addition to the three Sunday-schools and some auxiliary organizations. None of these were mere paper organizations; all were active in practical work. The statement of the Brooklyn "Eagle" that Plymouth Church was a "beehive of systematic Christian effort" was not an exaggeration. At the time of my resignation in 1898 Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, whose activity in the work of the church gave him special opportunity for knowledge, wrote in a paper published in the New York "Tribune:" "Of the present large membership of Plymouth Church I think it may be said that practically every able-bodied person is busy in Christian work somehow—mostly in some one of the multiplied activities of the church, but sometimes in general religious and charitable enterprises outside, many of the officers and directors of which are from Plymouth Church."

Following my acceptance of the call to Plymouth Church, the Rev. S. B. Halliday, who had been Mr. Beecher's assistant, resigned to accept a call to a newly organized church in the outskirts of Brooklyn which took the name of "The Henry Ward Beecher Memorial Church," and here he carried on a successful pastorate for a number of years. In his place I desired, not an assistant, but an associate who should share with me in the responsibilities of the pastorate. My first choice—and I had no second—was Howard S. Bliss, who had been with one of my sons in Amherst College, had earned by his work in Union Theological Seminary a traveling scholarship, and was now abroad pursuing post-graduate studies. He was wisely unwilling to forego this opportunity, but expressed himself glad to join with me in the work of Plymouth Church when his European studies were completed, and I waited for him until the fall of 1889, having secured meanwhile a temporary assistant. We were installed together, I as pastor, he as associate pastor, by a Congregational Council on January 16, 1890. There were two features in this Council which made it unique in Congregational annals, and attracted to it a considerable attention not only from the religious but also from the secular press. One peculiarity was its constitution. It included not only delegates from a score of Congregational churches, but representative men from five other Protestant denominations—the Episcopal, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Reformed, and the Methodist. Thus the Council

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RBOR FROM COLUMBIA HEIGHTS

taken from the house which was occupied by Dr. Abbott at the time of which he writes; as it was made in
ntial characteristics it is the same as then. To the right is Brooklyn Bridge, to the left the harbor

might properly be called a Christian Union Council. By its act it emphasized the truth that underlying the various Protestant denominations is a common spiritual faith more elemental and more fundamental than the peculiar tenets of any denomination, and thus a quarter of a century ago indicated that spiritual unity of the Protestant churches for which they are now seeking some definite and official expression, either by organic union or by federation. It was a peculiar delight to me to have as one of the representatives in this Council one whom I loved as a personal friend and revered as the most prophetic living preacher in America—Phillips Brooks. And I think it was of more concern to me than it was to him that afterwards when he was nominated to be the Bishop of Massachusetts some High Churchmen of the narrow type bitterly opposed his election because he had taken this part in the installation of two non-episcopally ordained clergymen. The other peculiarity of the Council was that it installed two pastors at the same time. "In your churches, as I understand it," said Dr. E. Winchester Donald, rector of the Church of the Ascension, of New York City, "there is no such office as assistant minister, and Mr. Bliss has come to create and not to succeed to the functions; and we, who wish you well, shall watch with very greatest interest whether it is possible for you to graft upon your system an assistant ministership, by which the pastor of this church shall have some one who is working with him along the same lines and is regarded, not as second pastor, but as his peer as a Christian minister." This interpretation I indorsed in the closing speech of the installation exercises, in which I said: "I welcome Mr. Howard S. Bliss to a cordial and united work in which there shall be neither superiority nor inferiority, but a common fellowship in the pastorate of this church and in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A little later I carried out a suggestion of my brother Austin. When a medical student graduates from his medical school, he is eager to get a position in a hospital, where he is glad to serve without pay for the practical experience which such service will give him. I published in the Congregational journals, and also in the "Christian Union," a card inviting any young man to correspond with me who in similar fashion wished some practical experience in order to equip him for his life-work in the ministry and who would neither be paid for his service nor pay

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for his instruction. As the result of this card two helpers offered their services. One of them, Horace Porter, subsequently became the assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, and is now pastor of one of the most prosperous Congregational churches in southern California.

The statement in the press that Mr. Bliss was coming to be my associate brought from the Brooklyn "Citizen" the naïve inquiry, "Of what possible use is an associate pastor?" In fact, except for the first year, when I was getting myself familiar with conditions, I always had two assistants, generally three, and part of the time four, who gave their whole time to the work of the church. I could not possibly have carried on that work without their co-operation. One year there were in the church and its branches over one hundred funerals, and each funeral meant not only a service to be attended but a family to be visited both during the fatal illness and after the end had come. Ideally, any church as large as Plymouth and organized for work should have at least three pastors: one to furnish instruction and inspiration for the workers—and he should have time to study current problems so that he may keep in advance of the congregation in the thought of his time; one to carry on in office hours and in house-to-house visitation the kind of personal work which the wise Roman Catholic Church carries on through the confessional; and one to supervise and direct the activities of the church in its various departments. In Plymouth Church I devoted myself to the work of preacher and teacher. But I had with considerable regularity weekly conferences with my assistants and generally daily conferences with my associate, Mr. Bliss, and his successors. And they were always welcome to bring to me for my advice details of their work, which was also mine.

In the Sabbath evening services I followed a suggestion of my wise brother Austin, who said to me that few laymen cared to listen to two exhortations to virtue in one day, but that a good many of them would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity on Sunday evening to listen to a series of lectures which would give them inspiration and instruction on social and moral questions. Acting upon this suggestion, I followed a course of Sabbath evening lectures on the life of Christ with other courses on the teaching of Jesus Christ upon social questions, on the changes in theology made necessary by the doctrine of evolution, on the modern view of the Old Testament, and on the life and teachings of Paul. These lectures were taken down in shorthand, and from them, from other material gathered in their preparation, and from sporadic articles on these subjects in The Outlook and elsewhere I prepared the series of volumes published by Houghton Mifflin Company on "Christianity and Social Problems," "The Evolution of Christianity," "The Theology of an Evolutionist," "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," and "The Life and Letters of Paul." Two of these series I also gave by request before the Lowell Institute of Boston.

An incident growing out of the series of lectures on the Bible furnishes an amusing illustration of the kind of misreports to which a public speaker is sometimes subjected by the American press. In my lecture on the book of Jonah I told the congregation that some scholars regarded it as history, some as a myth, some as an ancient legend, and some as a satire on the narrowness of the Hebrew people, and that one ingenious critic had compared it to the "Biglow Papers." A newspaper reporter, who probably had never heard of the "Biglow Papers," reported me as saying that the book of Jonah was the "Pickwick Papers" of the Bible, and that report was taken up and repeated by the press all over the country. I do not know how many letters I received rebuking me for my irreverence. To the letters I replied; but, pursuing my habitual policy of silence, I sent no public correction to the newspapers. This incident, followed by a resolution passed by a meeting of some Congregational ministers in Brooklyn, disavowing all responsibility for my views on the Bible, gave to these lectures a prominence out of all proportion to their real importance. At the close of the lecture as many adjourned to the lecture-room as could get into it, and there for half an hour I answered any questions on the subject of the lecture which members of the congregation might desire to address to me, an exercise for which good previous practice in Chautauqua assemblies had prepared me. The church was crowded every evening by attendants from all over Brooklyn, and some were turned away from the doors; the lectures were published in full by the Brooklyn "Eagle" and republished in pamphlet form by an interested listener, accompanied with suggested Bible readings for every day in the week; and fragmentary reports were

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published in the newspapers in other parts of the country. I have three scrap-books filled with newspaper accounts of these lectures and comments on them. And yet what I said at the time in connection with these lectures on the Bible was literally true: "I am not to be credited with saying anything original in these Sunday evening lectures. What I am saying to you may be found in the literature on this subject on the shelves of all well-equipped clergymen." If I have ever obtained any reputation for originality, it is largely because I have always assumed that the laity are as intelligent as the clergy; that whatever it is safe for a theological scholar to know it is safe for his congregation to know; that all knowledge is safe and all error is dangerous, and therefore, while I have not proclaimed my doubts and difficulties, I have unhesitatingly and frankly avowed my conclusions, never asking, Is this safe? but only, Is this true? though always, of course, endeavoring to express my faith in a form that would not be obnoxious to those who dissented from it. During these courses of Sunday evening lectures I received many hundreds of letters—I think it would be safe to say two or three thousand. Some score of them rebuked me for disturbing the faith of others; some asked questions to aid the writers in further study of the subjects discussed; but the great majority thanked me for aid furnished in strengthening a weakened faith or in recovering a faith that had been lost; and only one intimated that I had weakened the faith of the writer. To the complaints of my critics I found a sufficient answer in the fact that at the spring communion, of the sixty-five who united with the church, forty-one on confession of their faith, a large proportion attributed their decision in part to the influence of these Sunday evening lectures.

In my morning sermons I rarely discussed political or sociological topics. The first winter I was for a while called up every Sunday morning on the telephone by a New York paper with the question: "Did Dr. Abbott preach on anything particular this morning?" My children always answered the telephone; and, as they always cheerfully replied, "Nothing particular," after a few months the telephone calls ceased. I believe that if a pastor desires his church to be a working church his first aim must be to inspire it with a spiritual ambition. My sermons were therefore spiritual rather than theological or merely ethical. If the reader asks what I mean by saying that they were spiritual, I reply: Their object was to inspire directly the conscience, the reverence, the faith, the hope, the love, of the hearers. The morning congregations steadily increased in numbers until by the second year the church was always full, and many of the aisle seats were occupied. There were rarely any vacant pews, though usually some vacant seats.

Occasionally I took up public questions in the pulpit, but when I did so it was generally either that I might interpret the convictions of the church to the community or that I might induce the church to take action that would express its conviction.

One brief and successful campaign may serve to illustrate the method. When a new and enlarged entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge was completed, an application was made to the Commissioners of Brooklyn for a license for a liquor shop at the Brooklyn entrance of the Bridge by an applicant described by the Brooklyn "Eagle" as "one of the most estimable men in Brooklyn," identified with many of the largest corporations in the city, the president of a railway company, and the owner of the entire front of the block in which the saloon was to be placed. He offered to forfeit $5,000 if in his saloon liquor was sold to a minor, a woman, or an intoxicated man. But there were already thirty-six saloons within two blocks of the Bridge entrance, and I thought that enough to provide for all reasonable thirst. My assistant, Mr. Porter, ascertained the facts in detail and brought them to me, and in a Sunday morning sermon I brought them to the knowledge of the church. At the close of the service a protest against granting the license was laid on the table in front of the pulpit and over five hundred signatures from the men of the congregation were attached to it. A committee of the church was appointed to act on its behalf. I obtained from my brother Austin a brief, showing clearly that, under the law and the decisions of the courts, no man had a *right* to a license; that the Excise Commissioners were to grant the license only in case they deemed the interests and desires of the community required it. The committee invited Mr. Edward M. Shepard, a well-known lawyer and later politically prominent as a Reform Democrat, to act as counsel for the protestants. He accepted the invitation,

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examined the witnesses whom Mr. Porter had gathered, presented the case of the protestants, which Mr. Porter had prepared for him, and won. The license was refused, and the saloon was not opened until the Legislature at Albany abolished the license system altogether and enacted the Raines Law, under which any man might open a saloon anywhere on paying his State tax. I may add that in my judgment this opposition was the more effective because it was unaccompanied with any abuse of saloon-keepers in general or the applicant for this license in particular. In these and similar cases my ideal was not merely by individual protest to reach my congregation from the pulpit, and incidentally the public through the press; it was even more to induce the church to take action against public wrong and in support of public righteousness. This I thought to be a legitimate part of the work of a working church, and very effectively did Plymouth Church respond to my appeals. I may add that, by Mr. Porter's persistent and continuous work for two years, fourteen licenses were canceled and several saloons were closed.

No doubt, following the greatest orator of his time was a difficult undertaking. But there were also advantages. A pupil of Mr. Beecher, I shared with the church its deep affection for him. The church was perhaps too self-conscious of its past great history; but it did not live in the past. It was ready to meet the unknown future with courage and hope and to follow its new leader with the same loyalty; it believed in a free pulpit; and, though I knew that on some important questions leading members of the church did not agree with me, not once in my eleven years' pastorate was any attempt made to limit the liberty of my utterances. I met on the Sabbath day an expectant congregation. The people had been accustomed to come to Plymouth Church not from a sense of duty to support the service but inspired by a desire to find in the service a support for their lives. What inspiration such expectancy furnishes will be readily understood by every public speaker. Above all, the church was inspired by Christlike ideals and met difficult issues with a Christlike spirit. What I mean by this is best illustrated by the action of the church in one case which attracted no little public attention at the time.

One of the members, at one time quite active in Christian work, was discovered to have been for several years committing a series of forgeries. Upon his arrest he pleaded guilty, gave to the District Attorney every facility for the prosecution, which was for some legal reason necessary notwithstanding his plea of guilty, turned over all his property to the authorities for the benefit of his victims, made no effort and desired none made for him by his influential friends for a minimum sentence, and wrote a letter to the church of frank confession and repentance, leaving the church to take such action as it deemed right respecting its recreant member. He was convicted and sent to State's prison. The action of the church was embodied in the following resolution, adopted unanimously after a full statement of the facts:

Resolved: That this church, fully recognizing the sin of —— in the acts for which he is now suffering the legal penalty, retain his name upon the rolls, in the faith that no man more needs the watch and care of a Christian church than one who has fallen into sin, but has sincerely repented of his sin and desires to return to the way of righteousness and life. Our message to our brother is, that God pardoneth and absolveth all those that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his Holy Gospel, and we commend him to the prayers of the members of our church and to such special offices of spiritual aid as it may be possible for the pastors or other officers of this church to render to him.

During the remainder of my pastorate Plymouth Church had a member in good and regular standing in Sing Sing Prison whom one of its pastors visited every year in token of the church's fellowship. Of course this action subjected the church to some bitter and some not very intelligent criticism; but the prevailing comment of the press, both secular and religious, was in the spirit of the New York "Tribune," which said: "In adopting this resolution Plymouth Church has, in our opinion, done exactly what the Founder of Christianity would have done under the same circumstances. Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, and 'him that cometh to me,' he once declared, 'I will in no wise cast out.'" And it quoted with approval from the sermon which I preached the Sunday following this action of the church:

If you violate the law of God and you violate the law of man, come to Plymouth Church's pastor. I will not extenuate or palliate your sin. If it is drunkenness, I will not call it jollity or freshness or wild oats or any such thing. I will call it drunkenness. If it is taking out of

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any man's pocket his property by any scheme or device whatsoever, I will not cover it up with phrases, but I will call it what it is—stealing. If you want some one to falsify and flatter and excuse, do not come to me or to Plymouth Church. But if, having in life's battle fallen wounded; if, in that struggle between good and evil which goes on in every soul, evil has become victorious over you; if there is a great remorse in your heart and a great shame for the irreparable past; if you look out on society and society seems to point to the disgrace of your life; if you say there is no life, no hope, come to me, come to Plymouth Church. And as God has helped me, and given me his grace, so, God helping me, I will give you my hand of fellowship and my heart of forgiveness and my prayers. And Plymouth Church will do the same.

I quote this paragraph here because in this sermon I was speaking rather for than to the church, and believe that it truly interpreted the spirit by which the church was actuated.

During these eleven years of Plymouth pastorate I was not merely an editorial contributor to The Outlook.[1] I was its editorial chief, directing its policy and responsible for its conduct. The office correspondence and the reading and passing upon manuscripts largely devolved upon others. But two mornings every week I spent at the office. On Wednesday, in editorial conference with my associates, we discussed the questions to be treated in the following issue, determined the policy to be adopted, and assigned the editorials and paragraphs to the different editors. The following Tuesday morning the paper went to press. I spent Monday morning at the office writing last paragraphs, dictating letters, reading proof, consulting with my associates on special topics, and attending to the innumerable details which make up so large a portion of the editor's work. Monday evening the editorial proofs were sent to me at my house and revised by me to secure unity and consistency in our editorial utterances. I never had a blue Monday. Tuesday morning I could hardly have told either the text or the subject of my previous Sunday's sermon. Thursday or Friday morning I usually wrote my leading editorial. My correspondence I have for years carried on by dictation, but my literary work I have habitually done with the pen. Lord Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." I would advise all young ministers who intend to preach extemporaneously to do habitually some careful work with the pen in order to form a habit of accuracy in expression. The more ready the speaker, the greater the necessity for this pen exercise.

In all this double work my wife was an unordained co-pastor. I initiated no new enterprise without first consulting with her. If she studied the great social and religious problems less than I did, she studied the individual characters in the congregation more. She was more reluctant to reject the traditional than I, and so enabled me to see the truth in tradition that otherwise in my impatience I might have wholly rejected. In all the work of the church she was more than my *alter ego;* she understood and loyally supported my views even when she did not fully share them, and we were of one mind, one spirit. In my absence from home and in my absorption in the study my assistants brought their questions to her, and many a problem in the church detail was solved without my knowing its existence until the solution was reported to me. After the first winter we rented a house large enough to be a parish house as well as a personal home, and it was in frequent use for various gatherings of the church. Here were held the monthly meeting of the Church Work Committee and occasional special meetings of the deacons or the trustees; here was given on several occasions a fair for the work of the Young Women's Guild; here, on two occasions, in answer to an invitation from the pulpit to professional teachers in the congregation, some two hundred gathered for the purpose of mutual acquaintance. At night my wife read to me or I read to her some book selected to serve the purpose of what Thackeray has called a "nightcap," and slept the better for the respite from our problems. In our united service she had the same stimulus I had—the fellowship of loyal and devoted friends—and when the time came that I was reluctantly convinced that I could continue the double work of editor and pastor no longer and the resignation of my pastorate became a necessity, we were joined together as co-pastors by the church and congregation in their expression of appreciation and affection.

In preparing my sermons I continued the habit formed in the little church in Cornwall. The mornings were spent, not in the compo-

[1] The title was changed during my pastorate in Plymouth Church from The Christian Union to The Outlook, as explained in the immediately preceding chapter. To avoid confusion I shall generally refer to this journal in future chapters by its present title—The Outlook.

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sition of sermons, but in general courses of study. This was necessitated both by my editorial duties and by my Sunday evening lectures. The Fourth Commandment is not a statute, but the interpretation of a natural law. Every man needs for his best development some stated time, free from care and toil, for rest, recuperation, and ministry to the higher life. The minister needs this at least as much as the layman. Saturday was my rest day. In it I planned to do no manner of work, and I think I observed my Sabbath as consistently as most Christians observe their Sunday. I also took a rest of one or two hours every afternoon after the midday meal—a rest which, I said to my wife, was not to be disturbed unless the house caught fire and the fire had reached the second story. The servants imbibed her spirit of care-taking, and I was rarely disturbed. My library, a room well lined with books—my editorship of The Outlook enabled me to keep abreast of serious current literature—overlooked, the last six years of my pastorate, the East River, and gave me in the winter evenings, when the office buildings were lighted, a wonderful fairy-like picture. There were times when, looking down from the repose of my study upon the bustling metropolis, so remote and yet so near, it seemed to me that I could imagine how its worries and its ambitions might appear to a citizen of the celestial sphere; it gave me of the world an unworldly vision. These hours of repose were, I think, the most valuable hours of the day, and the day of repose was the most valuable day of the week. I had but one rule for its observance—to do no manner of work. Sometimes I read a novel or a poem or a devotional book; sometimes I slept; sometimes I simply listened. In June, 1889, I preached in Plymouth Church a sermon, born of my own experience, on "Listening to God." From this sermon I quote a few sentences because they will interpret to the reader my meaning:

The art of listening is an art; but of all forms and phases of that art spiritual listening is the highest. To listen to the voice of men, getting from your next-door neighbor some knowledge that you do not possess; standing on the front platform of the horse-car, and getting out of the driver something you did not know before; talking over the gate with the farmer where you are spending your summer, and getting some new notion of life that you did not before possess; getting from every kind of teaching and out of every man you meet some new impulse and some new equipment—this is art. But to stand face to face with the Almighty, to listen to the voice that makes no trembling on the air, to receive the impression that produces no external symbol on the printed page, to hear God—that is the highest of all.

In this "Still Hour," as Professor Austin Phelps has termed it, my sermons came to me I know not how. Two experiences, not unique except in their dramatic circumstance, illustrate this coming.

One Saturday at Cornwall during my summer vacation I received a telegram from the Secretary of the National Prison Reform Association, asking me to preach the sermon at the annual meeting to be held the Sunday of the week following at Saratoga Springs. I was sure that my friend would not have telegraphed me unless he had been in some special need, and, after some hesitation, I telegraphed back my consent. I had made a little journalistic study of prison reform and had spoken briefly at one local meeting, but my knowledge was slight and superficial. The week which followed was especially absorbed in editorial work. I tried in vain to get a theme for my Sunday sermon. To preach one having no bearing on prison reform seemed inadequate; to preach as though I were an expert to a congregation made up of experts appeared absurd. I asked for the annual report of the society, but it did not come until Saturday morning, and then afforded me no hint. When I took the train for Saratoga Springs Saturday afternoon, I had not the faintest conception of what my message the following day should be, and I was to preach to a crowded church, with ex-President Hayes presiding, and prison wardens and prison reformers from all over the country in the congregation. I was too tired, and, to tell the truth, too alarmed, to think, and on the train I laid my head back in the Pullman car and slept. I hoped that on arrival at Saratoga I might get a clue from the secretary, but he was busy arranging the details of the meeting and was not suggestive.

At length, burdened by a feeling of desperation indescribable, I went to bed, after the briefest of prayers, in which I said that I thought my Father had called me to Saratoga Springs, I did not know why, and, if I needed the discipline of a humiliating failure, I prayed that I might be enabled to learn the lesson it was meant to teach me, and then—I tried to go to sleep. Did I?

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I do not know. I only know that in a very few moments I suddenly awoke to consciousness with my subject, my text, and my sermon in my mind. The criminals are the enemies of society. How does the New Testament tell us we should treat our enemies? "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. . . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. . . . Overcome evil with good." The whole truth flashed upon me—now the axiom of prison reformers, but then radical even to them. We have no right to visit retribution upon wrong-doers. This is not the era of judgment; it is the era of redemption. We have not the capacity to organize or administer a system of retributive justice. Our duty is to reform, not to punish, and to punish only that we may reform. We should abandon our system of justice and substitute a system of cure. My brain was on fire. I jotted the barest outline on a scrap of paper, and then tried to sleep that I might be able on the morrow to give to others the message which had been given to me. When it was given, the members crowded around me with congratulations. I was formally requested to furnish it for publication. Some friend, knowing my habit of extemporaneous speech, had arranged, unknown to me, for a shorthand report. It was published as reported, with very slight revision, and, I have been told, served as a new and spiritual definition of the essential principle of penology—fitting the penalty, not to the crime, but to the criminal.

The other incident occurred in 1896 at the time of my brother Austin's death. I had seen him on Friday or Saturday and knew that death was inevitable, though I did not think it was immediate. I had planned a sermon for Sunday morning on the phrase of St. Paul, "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." On Saturday nights I always slept in my library. My breakfast was served to me there, and I did not see the family until I saw them in the pew at church. This Sunday morning, when I awoke, my wife was sitting at my bedside. Her presence was itself a preparation. Her message, "Lyman, your brother Austin died last night," did not therefore surprise me. He was very dear to me. How wise a caretaker he had been in my boyhood, how wise an adviser in my manhood! Could I preach with such a dear brother gone? Could I be true to my faith that there is no death, only transition, and refuse to preach? These questions were soon answered, but I could not preach on the awfulness of sin. I thrust that message from me, and to my listening mind came the message for the day—Paul's biography of a child of God: "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." My brother was known and loved in Plymouth Church, for he had been one of Mr. Beecher's counsel in the great trial. At the close of the sermon, but not until the close, I announced my brother's death as the reason for the sermon and paid a brief tribute to his memory. The sermon was published in The Outlook from the shorthand writer's report. A reader of The Outlook in another State, with my permission, reprinted it as a tract, with the allusion to my brother left out as matter too personal for general publication.

How are these experiences to be interpreted? The mystic will say the message was given to me by my unseen Father. The rationalist will say the message was the product of unconscious thinking suddenly made conscious by the intellectual crisis. Perhaps both are correct. Perhaps the Father gives us his message in and through our unconscious thinking. These chapters are not philosophy but narrative, and I narrate these experiences here, leaving the reader to give them his own interpretation. I can only add that, while customarily I had my theme and often my text in mind as a subject of meditation and reflection throughout the week, I rarely attempted to organize my material into coherent form, and still more rarely did I put pen to paper, until Sunday morning; and, though occasionally I had to make a sermon, generally my sermons seemed a message given, not an oration prepared; perhaps I should say a growth, not a manufacture. Had I written my sermons, or even prepared them with more attention to form, they perhaps would have been better as literary productions. But by my method I went into the pulpit with a surplus of nervous energy stored up by the guarded rest of the previous day and with my heart and mind full of a message which I was eager to give to an apparently eager congregation. This combined health of body and

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enthusiasm of spirit covered a multitude of defects in form and expression.

For the conduct of the devotional services of the church I had made some unconscious preparation by editing the volume entitled "For Family Worship." In this volume the prayers were selected after a careful study of a broad range of devotional literature. My special preparation I can best report by quoting a paragraph from my Yale lectures on preaching entitled "The Christian Ministry:" "No minister ever leads a congregation in public devotion who is not accustomed to go to God in private prayer with that congregation in his heart. When he knows what his people are, when he knows what secret life they hide in this masquerade that we call life, when he has been accustomed daily on his knees in his closet to carry their sorrows and burdens to his Father—then when he comes into the church he will find the way easy, and they will find the way easy."

One hesitates to give to others a glimpse of such inner spiritual experiences as I have endeavored to portray, since it is always impossible accurately to interpret them. But I am trying in this chapter to tell the reader how I was able, without any pretense to oratorical ability, to follow the greatest pulpit orator of his time; and to omit these experiences would be to misinterpret the life and mistell the narrative.

During the eleven years of my pastorate in Plymouth Church I was not once absent from my pulpit on a Sunday morning because of illness until the illness which led to my resignation. This was partly due to a nervous organization possessing unusual resilience; partly to a conscientious observance of stated periods of rest; partly to a religious conviction that a child of God has no right to overtax the powers which God has given to him; partly to a habit of taking my rest before work as a preparation for it, not after work as a recovery from it, as a consequence of which I was rarely exhausted; partly to a physician who was also a very dear friend, to whose wise counsel I probably owe my life, and who made it his business not merely to cure me when I was sick but to keep me well; but, above all, I owe this health to a wife who watched me without appearing to do so, guarded my hours of rest, and put the health of her husband and her children first in all her duties. I remember awaking one Saturday morning unable to speak above a whisper because of a sudden cold. The doctor came, asked her what she had to do that morning, received for reply, "Nothing to interfere with getting my husband ready for to-morrow." "Dry heat outside and wet heat inside every fifteen minutes," was his prescription. It was faithfully carried out, and I preached on Sunday morning. The two summer months were kept as a vacation, generally spent at Cornwall, sometimes in a trip abroad. During these vacation months very rarely did I either preach or lecture, for I held it the duty of a minister to use the vacation which the church has given him as a preparation for the work which he has to do for the church.

The occasional attacks of acute indigestion to which I have all my life been subject grew towards the end of this eleven years somewhat more frequent and more severe. At length, in October, 1898, one of a more threatening character sent me to bed, where the doctor kept me for ten days or two weeks. When I got up, he told me I must resign the pastorate. He said, substantially: "You must either go out of Plymouth pulpit or be carried out; you are using your strength faster than you are accumulating it, and that can lead to but one result." I, who had preached all my life long that the laws of health are the laws of God, and that to violate these laws is disobedience to him, could not disregard my own preaching. Happily for me, the Sunday after my decision was reached the city was visited by a furious snow-storm, and only half a congregation was present when I read my resignation. It was almost to a day eleven years since I had come from my Cornwall home as a temporary supply; but it was three months later before my successor, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, was called and I actually ceased my work, and it was six or eight months before I was ready to take up my life-work again with renewed strength. "My meat," said Jesus, "is to do the will of him that sent me." Congenial work, inspired by love, has in itself a strange life-giving power, and often it is not till the work stops that the worker knows how great has been the drain upon his strength.

I can find no words adequate to express my sense of gratitude for the spirit in which my resignation was received by the church. That spirit I can best intimate to the reader by a quotation from one of the many letters which it brought to me:

I fully appreciate, and, with inexpressible regret, must conscientiously approve, the

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grounds of your decision to resign your position and lay down your work as pastor of Plymouth Church. I do not dare to plead with you for the reconsideration and reversal of a purpose so fraught with pain and trouble to the church as well as to you. Nor, knowing what you must suffer in the prospect of this separation, will I add to your burden at this time, by attempting to describe the universal grief and consternation which will be occasioned in the church by the announcement of your purpose. I shall doubtless find opportunity hereafter to express, for my brethren as well as myself, our sense of the inestimable service which you have rendered to Plymouth Church, and our gratitude to God for the ten years of your faithful and inspiring ministrations. Under the divine guidance, we owe it to you that Plymouth Church, surviving the shock of its sudden and great bereavement through the death of Mr. Beecher, has stood for more than ten years, and still stands, compact, full-armed, and alert for the work of the Master.

The resignation was not accepted until some gentlemen of the church had called on my physician and satisfied themselves that no vacation and no attempted lessening of my labor would justify my continuing in the pastorate. The announcement of the resignation was followed by letters not only from members of the church and congregation but from all over the country; some from conservative, some from progressive clergymen; some from distant friends, some from friends whom I had never seen and never shall see. They were not letters of praise or congratulation, though praise and congratulation were not wanting; they were letters of thanks for service rendered by my ministry to the life of faith and hope and love. They were not written for publication and may not be given to the public; but they have brought back to me, as I have been re-reading them in preparation for this chapter, those sad days and glad days, for they were both sad and glad, and have given a new inspiration to my faith that the real power of the modern preacher, as of the ancient prophet, lies, not in an appeal to either the church or the Bible, but to the life of God which is in the soul of every man, and that without the arts of the orator and the learning of the scholar he does not speak in vain who can sincerely say to himself in the words of his Master, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The prevailing note of the newspaper press throughout the country was one of friendliness, even in those cases in which this friendliness was accompanied with criticism. From an editorial in the New York "Tribune" I venture to quote one paragraph because, in stating what I had done during those eleven years, it stated with equal clearness and brevity what I had desired to do; and because it furnishes an answer, from a writer wholly unknown to me, to those who had charged me with shaking the faith of the unwary by my preaching:

> The determination of Dr. Lyman Abbott to retire from the pulpit will be regretted by thousands outside of Plymouth Church. The range of his influence has been great, but it is as a preacher that he has occupied a unique place and given a new vitality to the Christianity of many people who found difficulty in reconciling the religion of their traditions with the secular thought of their time. The great body of Christians, perhaps, need no such reconciling. Others find satisfaction in the most radical departure from orthodoxy. But there is a middle class who wish to hold the old faith, but who are bound to face its problems rationally and frankly. To them a man like Lyman Abbott is a tower of strength, a conservative force, and at the same time an intellectual stimulus. Not to have his regular teaching will be a serious deprivation to those who gathered from week to week to hear him, and it will also be a loss to others who believed in him and were more serious and reverently thoughtful because of him, even though they did not often come under his personal ministrations.

I look back upon those eleven years of pastoral and editorial labor with unconcealed thankfulness. There was plenty of hard work, sometimes criticism, sometimes friction; but on the whole they were years of peace and exhilaration. My wife was my partner in the undertaking, and I sincerely think that such success as attended our joint work was quite as much due to her wise counsels, unflagging energy, and unfailing tact as to my activities. My associates both in the church and in the newspaper were devoted friends, never urging duty upon me, always endeavoring to take work from me. That the church was actuated by the same spirit is indicated by the fact that one of the entertainments given by the Plymouth League was a mock trial in which their pastor was indicted for violating the eight-hour law by his overwork. Looking back upon those eleven years, not without regrets for some faults and failures, not without a consciousness that a stronger man could and would have accomplished some results which I could not even attempt, still I could say reverently

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to my Father, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

In this and the preceding chapter I have said nothing of the substance of my teaching in either press or pulpit. In the immediately succeeding chapters I propose to trace briefly the industrial, political, and religious changes which have taken place in this country during the past sixty years as I have seen them and participated in them by both written contributions and by spoken addresses.

THE HIGH CONSTABLE

A MILLERSTOWN BURGLAR STORY

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

IT is a difficult thing to hold spite for four months even against a neighbor. When the object of one's resentment is the husband with whom one lives, the difficulties are multiplied. But this evening, when Oliver returned from hearing the report of the election, the period of Susannah's resentment would end. She would then give expression to the anger which had for four months been growing stronger in her breast. If Oliver were annihilated, it was Oliver's fault.

Susannah lay deep in her bed one night early in July, in the heavy sleep which followed naturally upon the completion of a large washing and ironing in one day. The silence of the Millerstown night is unbroken; there, if anywhere in the world, can the weary rest. Then—

"Clang!"

The sound was that of a giant gong set, not in Susannah's room nor in her house, but out of doors, as though its business were the rousing of the countryside. At once Susannah rose to a sitting position. She could see her bed, smooth and neat; she could follow the dim outlines of the room and the faint oblong of the window opening against the thick foliage of a maple tree. Oliver, her husband, was at work on the night shift at the furnace; only she and the two children, Oliver, Jr., known to Millerstown as Ollie, and Louisa, were at home. She could hear the regular breathing of the children in their beds in the next room and the gentle motion of the leaves in a pleasant breeze.

Awaiting the terrifying second clang of the great bell, Susannah put one slender foot out upon the rag carpet, then the other.

"It is the alarm!" The words formed themselves in the region of Susannah's diaphragm, but were unable, on account of tense muscles, to rise farther. "The burglars have come!"

By day Susannah washed and ironed and scrubbed and cooked and trained her children and managed her husband. Susannah, judged by Millertown's standards, was a success. Susannah, judged by her own standards, was a failure. She was not one of those comfortable women who can fill their lives with plans for their children.

"I have trained those children," Susannah would say to Sarah Ann Mohr. "There are no children in all Millerstown who come so quick when you say come and who go so quick when you say go. I feed them good. I wash them till their bones almost come through. More I cannot do now."

"But you, Oliver—" This complaint was addressed only to Oliver himself. "You, Oliver, should be something. So long as you earn your wages and eat and sleep you are satisfied. Billy Knerr is tax-collector, Jim Fackenthal is road-master, Eli Fry is High Constable; but you are nothing!"

"I want—" This Susannah to her pillow when all plans for Oliver had failed. "I want to do something myself!"

When Susannah slept, she dreamed. If life's waking feast had given her only a half portion, sleep gave her full measure. Susannah dreamed that she rescued children from drowning, that she dashed into burning buildings, rushed across tracks before swiftly moving trains to save the imperiled. If the Presidency of the United States had been open to her sex, she would have beheld herself occupying that high office. But most clearly of all did Susannah see herself entrapping the marauders who had recently made life in Millerstown so exciting and perilous an experience.

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Millerstown lies ten miles from the county seat, and here the long freight trains make their first stop to take water from the tank at the railway station. They bring with them at times, in addition to their legitimate burden, human travelers. Tramps and other undesirable citizens, warned away from the county seat, leave the train at its first stop to seek a meal or a lodging for the night, or sometimes to steal. The Millerstown store had been twice robbed, several kitchens had been forcibly entered, and even the mammoth bolts on the doors of the bank had been attacked with a file. It was Ollie Kuhns and his sister Louisa who, playing with other children in the yard of the bank building, had found a flask filled with nitroglycerine. Then it was that the bank officials set upon its wall the thunderous alarm.

Now the marauders had come. Sitting upon the edge of her bed, Susannah ceased to breathe. The alarm was set to continue indefinitely, fiercely, almost unendurably. Susannah awaited, terrified, the shock of its clangor, the sound of rapid steps, perhaps the sound of gunshots.

But Susannah heard no second stroke of the bell, no running steps, no commotion of any kind. In a flash, she realized that the alarm had been tampered with, that it would ring no more. Moreover, Millerstown had not heard its single stroke. Millerstown did not move or stir.

Susannah rose, her eyes gleaming, her breath sharply drawn. Her hour of glory had dawned. She dressed herself with trembling hand; she locked her sleeping children, the restless Oliver and the excitable Louisa, into their room, and she went down the steps and out of the house. The hour was half-past three, which was not far from the time of Oliver's return. But to Susannah it was still midnight, the traditional period for the operations of the wicked.

For an instant Susannah stood on her kitchen porch, her heart throbbing. She thought that she heard a stir in the house of Sarah Ann Mohr, and then remembered Sarah Ann's oft-declared intention of covering her head with the sheet and yielding herself to prayer in circumstances such as these. Susannah wished no help. She saw Millerstown's quiet head upon its pillow; she saw its treasures, a dollar saved here, a half-dollar earned there, lying as peacefully in the bank. Susannah was a little over five feet in height and she weighed ninety pounds. But alone, unarmed, she was going forth to rescue the treasures of Millerstown.

Two courses were open; she could steal out through the tunnel-like alley between her house and Sarah Ann's to the street and thence to the bank; or—and here was a far more perilous undertaking—she could go through the gate into the yard of Sarah Ann, then climb four paling fences, running meanwhile the risk of being taken for a burglar herself, and approach the bank from the rear. Susannah chose the latter. Somehow, her skirts almost torn from their bands, Susannah accomplished ascent and descent.

The bank building is an ordinary dwelling-house, its lower floor, in which the bank is situated, reinforced by iron shutters, double doors, and many bolts. Behind it, in a little yard, stands a shed in which the supply of coal and wood is kept. This shed is empty in summer, and here the children often play.

About the shed lilac bushes form a thick hedge; in their shadow Susannah approached the bank. With a quickened heart she saw that she had not been mistaken—the rear shutter was open. Moreover, as she watched, clinging to the fence in sudden weakness, a tall man stepped out of the window upon the slanting cellar door, and, with a large tin box in his hands, approached the woodshed, passing so close to her that she detected the hateful smell of whisky upon him.

Susannah ceased again to breathe. Like a cat after a mouse, she paced after the marauder. As though it were a stage burglary and the burglar had arranged his progress to be caught, he stepped into the little shed. The ready hand of Susannah shot out, the door closed, the wooden button turned, the burglar was trapped. The button was tightly fastened with a screw; only a few days before Susannah had had to hammer it with a stone in order to release a terrified Louisa, locked into the shed by her brother.

The burglar made no sound. For a moment Susannah stood still, drawing her breath in great gasps to fill her empty lungs, and peering about to assure herself that there was no accomplice waiting in the shadow. Then, panting, elate, living as she had not lived in all her life, Susannah sped down the street to the Squire's.

But in her delay Susannah had lost precious time. It was, as has been said, almost morning. Had she not been so absorbed in her capture, she would have seen the bright-

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ening sky, have heard the swelling chorus of the birds, and have realized that at dawn the shift of the furnace would change and that Oliver and his companions would return. Poor Susannah was to enjoy her triumph but a moment.

Traveling rapidly along in the thick shade of the maples, she heard a cry and stopped to listen. There was a sound behind her, the padding of feet moving more swiftly than her own. In an instant a tall man rushed past her, in his arms a box, his head bent low. In furious pursuit, with yells of "Stop, thief! Murder! Help! Men! Everybody! Stop, thief!" rushed another man, a dinner-pail in one hand, an upraised billet of wood in the other. Past Susannah both sped without seeing her. But Susannah saw them both. The tall man was the burglar, the pursuer was Oliver Kuhns.

Now windows were raised, and citizens, roused by the shouts of Oliver, assured him wildly of their speedy assistance. The box in the stranger's hands crashed to the ground, as though he were casting all burdens aside. Half-clad men appeared in doorways, women screamed questions out of upper windows. Some, indeed, joined their husbands in the race. There were other brave women in Millerstown beside Susannah.

Susannah neither asked nor answered questions, nor did she aid in the pursuit. Susannah was wakened from her dream of glory; somehow her thunder had been stolen from her. She said to herself that she did not care if the bank were carried off bodily. She was, when the chase passed her, before her own alley gate. Unseen, she entered it and regained her yard.

There another clamor saluted her ears. Ollie and Louisa were demanding an explanation of the locked door and of their mother's silence.

"Mom!" screamed Louisa; "I want to get out."

"I *will* get out!" yelled Ollie.

Calmly ascending the stairway, Susannah bade them return to their beds. Then, as though all Millerstown were not abroad, Susannah followed their example. As high as her spirits had risen, so low they now sank. How the prisoner had escaped from his prison, how Oliver happened to be chasing him down the street, she did not know. But the outrageous explanation was imminent. Susannah's spirit had still lower depths to explore.

Oliver rushed in presently with a shout. Was she asleep? How could she sleep? The bank had been robbed! He, Oliver, had driven the burglar away.

"I was coming home," he gasped. "There was a man. He hollered to me. He heard me. I was whistling"—Oliver called it "vistling." "It was a burglar. He was in the shed. He heard me vistle and he yelled pitiful, 'Let me out!' I let him out and I grabbed for him. I—"

"You let him out!" said Susannah in an indescribable tone.

"He said he was sick. I didn't know he was a burglar. But then I saw the shutter open and I grabbed for him. But he ran faster than I. He had everything packed up. He carried the tin box, but he dropped it. Sarah Knerr, she ran out and picked it up. She got all the things."

"Sarah Knerr!" repeated Susannah in the same tone.

"Yes; and everything is in it what ought to be. Everything is safe in the bank, and they are watching with guns."

Susannah closed her eyes. When she was very angry she could not speak. She became silent for days. But after days, or perhaps weeks, her anger burst forth, strengthened by nursing.

"Then you caught this man?" she asked presently. "You have him?"

"Why, no," confessed Oliver. "He got the start of me."

"So," said Susannah; and turned to sleep.

"What is wrong?" asked Oliver in astonishment.

Susannah made no verbal answer. In her heart she said, "Wait!"

Susannah was considered, even by Sarah Ann Mohr who loved her, to be a little queer; and never had Sarah Ann so good a reason for her opinion as in the weeks following the burglary. Susannah was a great talker about village affairs, but about this great affair whose hero was her own husband Susannah would say nothing. From morning until night, as was natural, Millerstown talked. The shutter had been pried open by the tool of a professional house-breaker—Millerstown must examine both shutter and tool. Everything had been removed from the old-fashioned safe, all was packed in a bag in the shed—Millerstown must handle the bag. In the shed lay a larger, deadlier flask of nitroglycerine than that discovered

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by the Kuhns children; this must be gazed upon as it stood upon the shelf in the Squire's office. The burglar, thanks to his long legs, escaped entirely; it was surmised that he had put the width of the continent between himself and Millerstown's vengeance. Sarah Knerr, the wife of Billy, the tax-collector, already sufficiently honored, told at all the meetings of Millerstown women how she had gathered the scattered gold and papers in her apron.

To the thousand speculations Susannah contributed nothing. Susannah stayed at home; she did not join her friends. And within her heart resentment deepened. Oliver had cheated her of glory; that the act was wholly innocent signified nothing.

That her spirit had separated itself from him, Oliver understood. What had he done? Nothing. What was the matter? Nothing.

"Why are you, then, so cross over me?" he would say.

"I am not cross over you," Susannah would answer, her eyes glittering.

In his desire to appease and enliven Oliver frequently recounted his adventure. Presently he began to suspect that Susannah was irritated.

"Don't you like to hear of how I caught the burgular, Susannah?"

"I am tired of bolts and bars and nitroglycerine," answered Susannah. "How was that burglar locked in the shed?"

"The door blew shut, and the button just dropped," explained Oliver.

"So," said Susannah, aloud. In her soul, Susannah said again, "Wait!" Susannah was almost ready for the interview which should make of Oliver a humble man; the clearing storm was at hand. Oliver was still on the night shift at the furnace; until the evening of election day, when the shifts changed, Susannah would not have before her that clear hour or two when, secure from interruption, she could have her say. By day, after Oliver had had his sleep, she saw little of him. He went away from the house, for which she was thankful.

"I went down over the fences in the night alone." This was to be the beginning. "I locked him in that shed alone myself. He would have been caught and sent to prison. And you let him out!" The end of her remarks also had Susannah planned. Susannah had dealt with a shrinking Oliver before.

All through election day Susannah went about absently and with a flushed face. Oliver had a holiday, but he was at home only for meals. That he was excited Susannah did not see. When he had had his supper, he went, according to the custom of mankind, to hear the returns. When, at nine o'clock, he appeared, the children were still up. In her miserable brooding Susannah had loosened the hands which held the reins over that spanking pair, and Oliver and Louisa no longer went "quick" or came "quick." They misbehaved in school, they stayed out on the street in the evenings, they had to-day tied a tin can to the tail of their dog, and had put walnuts on the feet of Sarah Ann's cat. Now they sat quarreling, one on each side of the kitchen table.

Oliver's step was a little unsteady; his eyes were bright. So blinded with anger were the eyes of Susannah that she thought her sober husband had been drinking. She commanded the children sharply and sternly to go to bed.

"Go!" said Susannah.

"No," said little Louisa.

"It is not time," said Ollie. "I will not go!"

Susannah rose and moved in their direction, scissors and thimble clattering to the floor.

"Ach, let them stay!" begged Oliver, still more unsteadily.

"Go!" commanded Susannah, still more sharply.

"Billy Knerr is Burgess," announced Oliver, in apparent madness.

Susannah's soul said no longer "Wait!" but "Go to it, Susannah!"

"Oliver," she began, in spite of the presence of the children, "in the summer-time when the burglar—"

"It is that for which I am elected," said Oliver, more unsteadily than ever.

"Elected!" repeated Susannah, in unbelieving scorn. "You!"

"I am High Constable," announced Oliver, his voice steadying in his pride. "I worked for it all summer. I thought you would like it. It was because I saved the bank."

A confusion of tongues spoke now in the ears of Susannah. Again she heard "Wait!" again she heard "Go to it!" but she heard also a gentler "Make up, Susannah!" Oliver had ambitions; Oliver had worked to please her; Oliver might in time be himself Burgess. Susannah put her hands across her face and burst into tears. When Susannah

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cried, peace was at hand. Oliver crossed the room and put his arms about her.

"What is wrong?" he asked, bewildered. "I did it for you. I worked hard for it."

Susannah only cried the more. She was fast becoming hysterical. Then a sound recalled her to herself. Little Ollie began to pound on the table with his knife.

"We are High Constables!" he cried. "Louisa, we are High Constables! We can do what we like to the people!"

At once Ollie found himself rudely taken in hand and moved toward the stairway door. Ollie's impertinence had served a good purpose.

"Your father is High Constable," said Susannah, once more mistress of her house, of her children, and, best of all, of herself. "Your father is High Constable over the town, and I am High Constable over you. You are nothing. Now go to bed."

When the door was shut, Susannah looked at her husband. Heroically she spoke, heroically and with consummate kindness she put out of her mind her great achievement. Life had keener pleasures to offer than revenge, and a better portion than glory.

"There was nothing the matter with me all summer but meanness," said Susannah. "Oliver, I am proud of you."

BY THE WAY

An Englishman, Dr. Vernon Bartlet, Professor of Church History in Mansfield College, Oxford, makes the remarkable suggestion in the "Daily Mail" that Constantinople, if it is captured by the Allies, should be turned over to the United States—the one Power, he believes, that is sufficiently disinterested to govern it justly and without prejudice. This tribute to America may well overbalance some uncomplimentary things that have been said about us by Englishmen of a past generation.

About 300,000 tons of dangerous explosives were transported by railways in the United States during the year 1914, without the loss of a single life. The efficient inspection which has made this result possible is indicated by the statement, in the annual report of the Bureau for the Safe Transportation of Explosives and Other Dangerous Articles, that the only injuries caused by explosion were those which were brought on passengers by themselves through the concealment of explosives in their baggage.

Few men have been so honored in death as was Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale, at whose funeral, April 13, two ex-Presidents of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft, acted as pallbearers.

The city of Zamboango, on the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines, is to be made a port of call for the steamers of the Japanese line between Japan and Australia. Zamboango, according to "Shipping Illustrated," is the scene of much activity on the part of Japanese merchants, who for some years past have been making it a center for extending their trade.

A Jewish chaplain, after a visit to the British army in the field, writing to the "Times," says that there is a fusion of creeds at the front. "I was deeply impressed by the whole-hearted unanimity with which the different religious bodies are working," he says. "Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, all are as one. There is one form of service, and the duties are divided among the chaplains irrespective of the particular communion which they represent."

"Glass Kennels for Coney Island 'Dogs'" is an amusing newspaper headline which calls attention to the efforts of the New York City Health Department to improve sanitary conditions in the city's chief seaside resort. The "dogs" are the roasted frankfurter sausages that are so popular on the island; hereafter they must be kept under glass, not exposed to the dust of Coney Island's busy streets.

Pullman porters' tips, it appears from the testimony given before the Commission on Industrial Relations, average about $75 a month. The porter's salary is $27.50 a month. Thus the public, in addition to paying a liberal price for the accommodations on the Pullmans, pays these employees of the company the larger part of their compensation for the service which is supposed to be purchased with the ticket.

School children in New York State, a report of the State College of Agriculture announces, destroyed 830,000,000 tent caterpillars last year. They collected 4,150,150 egg masses of this pest, each mass averaging 200 eggs. One school of thirteen pupils in Clinton County collected 55,525 of these egg clusters, and thus saved countless apple, peach, and plum trees from blight. It is hoped that the children of the State will do even better work this year in ridding the trees from this pest. They will thus not only save the fruit but keep the trees green and attractive to the eye.

A copy of "The Three Crosses," one of Rembrandt's most celebrated etchings, was sold at the recent auction of the Ives collection for $8,500—almost double the price that any Rembrandt print ever brought at any previous sale.

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